5TH STACK FLR

May 31, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

This New Convertible Fountain Pen and Pencil Set

For Both Pocket and Desk

Pen Guaranteed For Life

Matched sets of beautiful streamlined pens and pencils—the perfect gift for June occasions

Here is the newest and loveliest gift of all—for blushing bride or clear-eyed graduate—for birthdays, young and old, or anniversary.

Parker Fountain Pens and Pencils—in breath-taking beauty of color—now come in combination sets for desk or pocket, for the first time.

And both pen and pencil—also for the first time—are *convertible* for instant pocket or Desk Set use by merely changing caps for tapered tips, or reverse.

Like 2 Gifts for the Price of One

When you get the desk base—either now or later—you get included, the graceful tapered ends you need for desk use. You also get the pocket caps with clip for pocket use. Thus you get *double duty* from the Parker pencil—from the pen that is Guaranteed for Life.

Parker Duofold Pens Guaranteed for Life

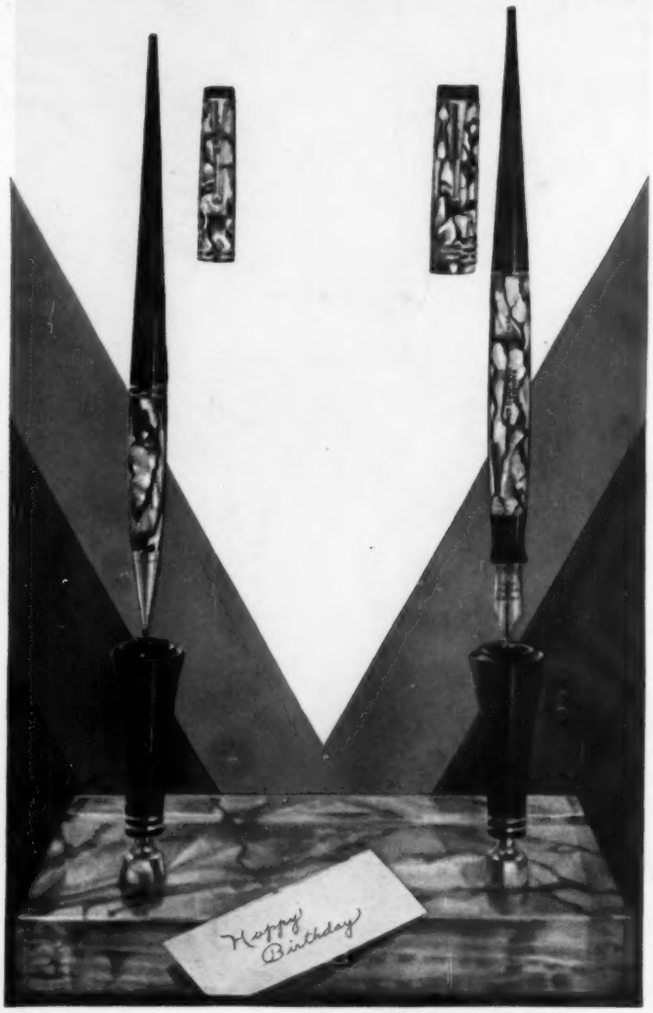
The famous Parker Pressureless Touch—Non-breakable barrels—17.4% greater ink capacity, size for size—Parker's Guarantee for Life—these staple features, outstanding in Parker, make the Parker case overwhelming.

Parker streamlined pens and pencils come in matched pairs—with or without Desk Bases. In mandarin yellow, jewel-like jade, lacquer red, jet-like black-and-gold, lapis lazuli blue . . . and in the de luxe black-and-pearl, loveliest and newest combination.

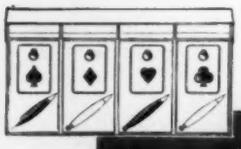
Select your gift from the wide range at any fountain pen counter. Look for the imprint "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD" on the pen barrel—your Guarantee for Life. Pens $5 to $10. Pencils to match $3.25 to $5.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wisconsin.
Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Berlin, Germany.

JUNE GIFTS—*Graduates—Birthdays—Weddings—Anniversaries*



Duofold Senior black and pearl convertible pen and pencil with polished onyx base, $26. Other Desk Bases, $4 to $250.



Something NEW

"Vest-Parker" Pens—Guaranteed for Life—and Pencils to match

Midget Parker Duofolds—convertible for use in pocket or Desk Set. Cuddle comfortably in your hand when writing, snuggle unobtrusively in pocket like a latchkey. Both together weigh less than an ounce! $7.50 for the set. At right the new Bridge Set with midget pencil. Newest gift. $6.50 each, including pencil and base, or $24 for set of four suits.

New Parker Bridge Set

Parker Duofold

Parker Pressureless Touch

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

REF. STACK 5

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVE. AT 34th ST. Telephone: MURray Hill 7000

RALLY A STUNNING SHOE WARDROBE

If You Would Be On The Active Summer List

Altman selections are bound to be a great asset in making the finals of chic.

Perforated opera of white buck and tan or black calf $18.50

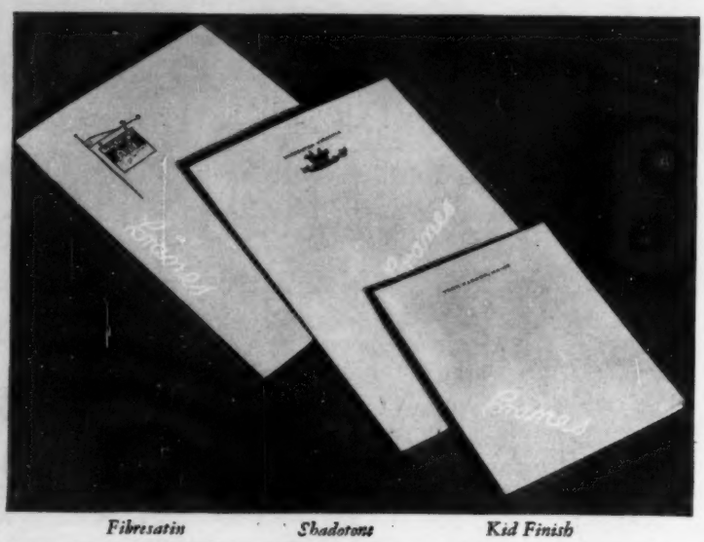
Embroidered shantung one-strap . . $15.50

Eggshell fabric oxford . . $14.00

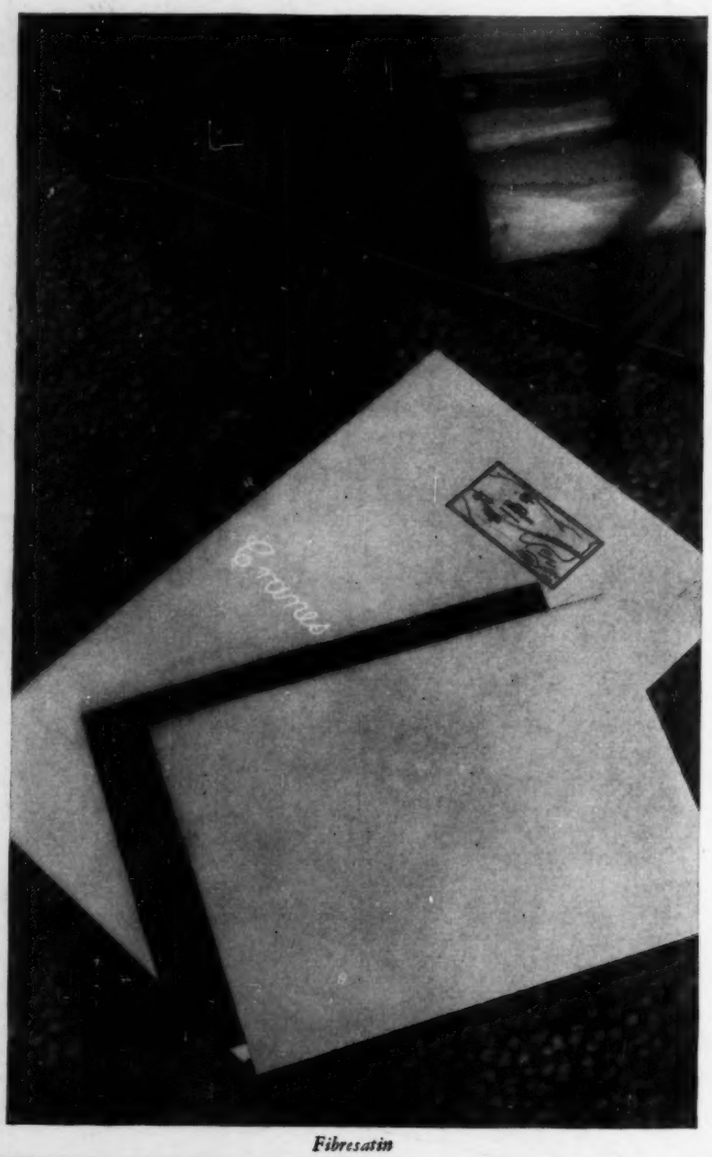
Sports oxford of white buck or beige elk and calf, rubber sole and heel $14.00

Imported tennis shoe of white leather with bright colored kid trim . $8.50

SHOE SALON
SECOND FLOOR



Fibresatin *Shadotone* *Kid Finish*



Fibresatin

For the gaiety and relaxed usage of the summer place, many women like CRANE'S FIBRESATIN *in sand with a simple little cut showing the geography of one's acres. It is always true, as women of wide experience know, that writing paper, like every other possession, may surely reflect the personality and circumstances of the writer. That is why* CRANE'S SHADOTONE *in spring green as suggested seems appropriate for the informality of the country estate. Or for a house near the sea,* CRANE'S KID FINISH, *in a friendly little sheet, sea green in color, brings with it an atmosphere of sun and sand and waves.*

A charming note which comes from a little house, nestling perhaps on a little hill with pear trees growing against the south garden wall, may well be written on CRANE'S FIBRESATIN. *How well the blue and silver monogram suggests just such a placid atmosphere of sky, flowers and repose!*

The quality of Crane's fine writing papers is unquestioned. They may be bought at those shops where you would expect to see the finest stationery that is made . . . at all the best places. Without monogram, from $20 to $2 a box; with monogram, from $75 downward.

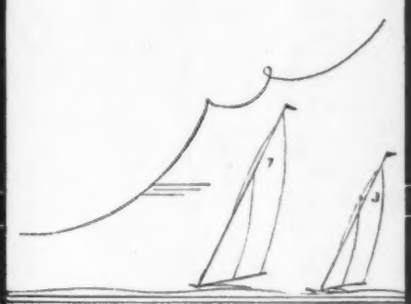
Y Y Y

Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Crane's
Fine Writing Papers

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 15, May 31, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

The Summer Sports Shop features LINEN and LISLE



LEFT—a jaunty two-piece dress of cotton mesh, cool and smartly made. $14.74

RIGHT—our adaptation of Schiaparelli's "603". In handkerchief linen with cotton lace. Two piece. In pastel colors. $17.74

Sizes 14 to 20

THIRD FLOOR

»

MACY'S

34th St. and Broadway
New York

GOINGS ON

ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF SOMEWHAT QUESTIONABLE EVENTS

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 7. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that burlesque shows will begin at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. Music-hall shows at 8:50 P.M. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

SHORTY MCALISTER—Also Johnny Weber, Bobby Wilson, Harry Kelly, Lavilla May, Jean Lee, Peggy Reynolds. (Irving Place, 9 Irving Pl.)

HARRY STEPPE—In his familiar crêpe-hair act. The femme contingent includes Virginia Jones and Mabel White; both are lookers in the semi-strip and know the steam-up racket in the teaser manip. (City, 14, E. Sun. continuous.)

BOB NUGENT (Box-Car Benny)—Intelligent use of illuminated runway. With Jack LaMont, Jack Coyle, Mae Dix, Mary Sunde, and Edna Delillis. (National Winter Garden, 2 Ave. at Houston.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—With George S. Kaufman, an unknown actor. Opens Mon., June 2. (Brighton Beach Music Hall, near Coney Island. Means taking the B.M.T. to Brighton Beach.)

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—Fairly adroit comedy about a rich Jew, in open-air setting. (Miss Hartridge's School, Plainfield, N. J., Wed. Eve., June 4.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

SUMMER HOME—The house of Dr. and Mrs. James H. Brothers at Belmar will be opened Fri., June 6.

CAMPS—Kiwanis Club tourist camps are open.

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

ASTOR ROOF—Fête Champêtre (pronounce it Fête Champêtre) for members of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, Mon. Eve., June 2.†

SOAP LUNCH—Preceding the sixth annual exhibition of small sculptures in white soap (buoyant). Hotel Madison, Madison at 58, Tues., June 3, at 1 P.M. Typical Procter gambol.*

DINNER—Chase National Bank in the Louis XVI ballroom of the Park Lane, Tues., June 3. Good food amid French surroundings. When paying teller meets paying teller.

ANNIVERSARY—A dinner dance to celebrate the first anniversary of the Central Park Casino. Fifteen dollars per person (includes souvenir). Casino, E. of Carrousel, Cent. Pk., Wed. Eve., June 4, at 8:30, Nineteen Hundred and Thirty. Must be known to get in, or mention name of A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., James P. Donahue, Florenz Ziegfeld, Messmore Kendall, C. Stanley Mitchell, Winfield R. Sheehan, Vincent Bendix, John Sloan, Sam H. Harris, Adolph Zukor, Jules Bache, Gilbert Miller, Robert Lehman, George Ruppert, or William Rhinelander Stewart.

RECEPTION—Canadian National Railway Pipe Band: Hotel Commodore, 42, E., Fri., May 30. Good thing of its kind.

NOTE—Arriving buyers may register by telephoning Lackawanna 1000.

†Members may bring an escort.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—For a short, possibly fatal, outing on the water you might try the following, all less than an hour from Times Square: 59th St. Lake, Cent. Pk. Rowboats 25 cents an hour for 1 or 2 persons, 10 cents an hour additional for each person in boat over two. Comes to 95 cents for nine persons in boat. 72nd St. Lake, a little larger body of water, harder to get to. 110th St. Lake, farther yet. Boats must be in by 11 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

(The following are all silent except for a slight clicking noise. Most pictures now have sound attachments.)

DAY—A potpourri of events in a natural setting, with some of the best character acting of the season. (Arcade, 1173 6 Ave. Continuous from 9 A.M. to midnight.)

A HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL—Underwater scenes, comparable to Beebe's best. (Gallery, 1173 6 Ave.)

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT—Actual war photos of the boys over there, without Louis Wolheim. (Moving Duck, 1173 6 Ave.)

DEMPSEY-TUNNEY FIGHT—Exciting views of seventh and eighth rounds of recent ring battle. (Open Door, 1173 6 Ave.)

LADIES' NIGHT IN A TURKISH BATH—Limited revival of famous Clara Kimball Young silent film, in aquatone. (Range, 1173 6 Ave.)

THE FEMALE RAFFLES—Amusing bedroom farce thinly done. Thoroughly entertaining. (Gild, 1173 6 Ave.)

MUSEUMS

HUBERT'S—228 W. 42. Francis Francette, the sexual paradox, half man and half woman. Also Flea Circus for an additional 15 cents.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART—Open daily. Stay away on Mondays and Fridays to avoid 25-cent charge. Otherwise entertaining enough.

MUSIC

ENSEMBLE SINGING—A chance to join in, *on* the key: People's Chorus, Town Hall, 43, E. of B'way, Thurs. Eve., June 5, at 8:15. Steinway Piano used. "We Sing for Pleasure."

ON THE AIR

MOTH GAS CLOTHES SAVER—Special Memorial Day clothes-saving talk:

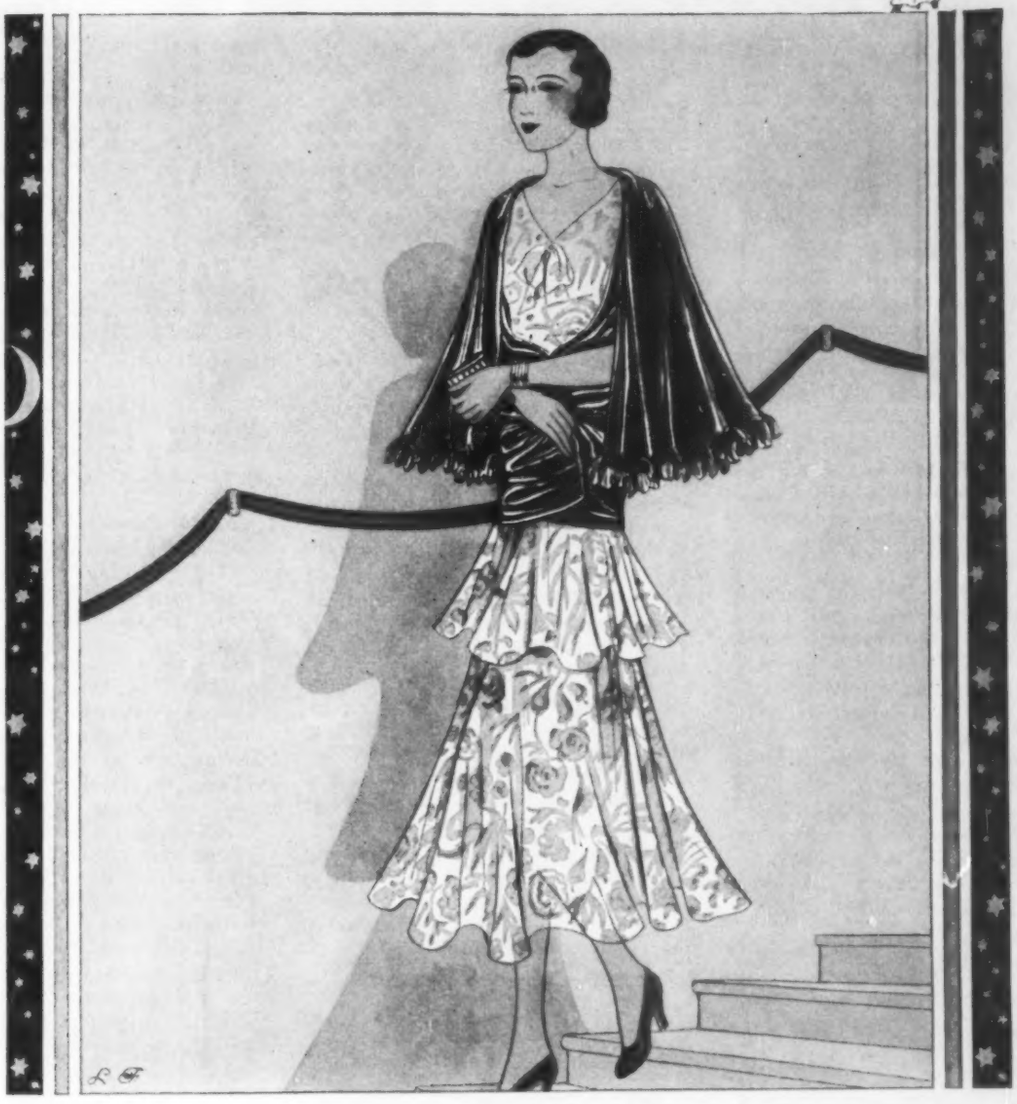
(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	28
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	36
THE OARSMEN	37
THE ART GALLERIES	41
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
SUMMER FOIBLES	44
AS TO MEN	48
YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN	53
TEE AND GREEN	57
THE CURRENT CINEMA	61
THE RACE TRACK	63
OUT OF TOWN	65
A REPORTER AT LARGE	67
PARIS LETTER	70
RECENT BOOKS	71

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

A FLOWERED CHIFFON FROCK AND A LITTLE TRANSPARENT VELVET WRAP MAKE AN IRRESISTIBLE COMBINATION



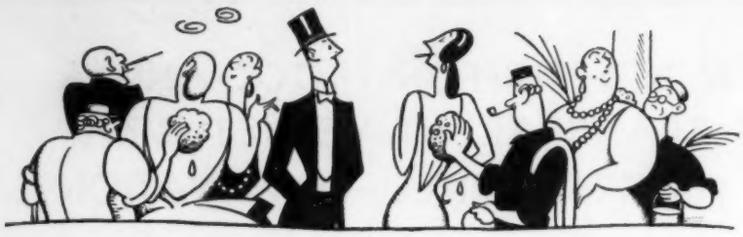
This youthful charmer has its own little wrap of transparent velvet, lined with chiffon and edged with flower petals, after Chanel. You will find it equally devastating in baby blue or baby-leaf green with a matching wrap or in worldly chartreuse with a black wrap 39.50

Franklin Simon & Co.

A STORE OF INDIVIDUAL SHOPS
FIFTH AVENUE . . NEW YORK

INDIVIDUAL DRESS SHOP FOR MISSES—THIRD FLOOR

GOINGS ON



ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MAY 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 7. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 4)

Fri., May 30 (Memorial Day) at 12 noon, over WOR.

GRAPHIC ARTS—"How Books Are Made," by Frederick M. Leonard: Fri., May 30, at 2:55 P.M., over WPAP. Interesting delineation of an almost extinct industry.

PRESIDENT HOOVER—Gettysburg speech. Similar to Lincoln's but less timely: Fri., May 30, at 3 P.M., over WABC. (Those who are unable to get President Hoover over WABC can get Charles "Buster" Rothman over WPCH.)

AUNT ZELENA—Stories and songs for children by Colored Mammy. Comic relief after Hoover Gettysburg speech: Fri., May 30, at 5:45 P.M., over WABC.

EVANGELINE ADAMS—Relation of the astral bodies to the human gums. (Forhan's). Comic relief after Aunt Zelena: Fri., May 30, at 7:30 P.M., over WABC.

SLUMBER MUSIC—Male quartet: Fri., May 30, at 11:15 P.M., over WJZ. Not to be confused with Heywood Broun.

HEYWOOD BROUN—A talk by Heywood Broun. This is the man who writes a daily column in the *Telegram*. He speaks Mon. Eve., Tues. Eve., Wed. Eve., Thurs. Eve., and Fri. Eve., over WABC, at 11:15 P.M. regardless.

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES—Amusing for that hour of letdown after a night club: Sat., May 31, at 6:45 A.M., over WEAF.

CORRECT TIME—Neel Enslen, telling the time in his inimitable fashion: Sat., May 31, at 11 P.M., over WEAF. (It will be 11 o'clock.)

NOTE—Boats from Battery to Sea Gate start May 31. We don't know exactly what's at Sea Gate.

WANAMAKER'S

AUDITORIUM—Dancers from the Carter-Waddell Studio: Sat. Aft., June 7, at 2:30.

REST OF STORE—New system of aisle control. Customers on northbound aisles must wait at crossings for the cross-town-aisle customers to pass.

SPORTS

BOWLING—Individual tenpin, Class A and B, Summer Tournament, starts Mon., June 2: Thum's Bowling Alleys, 1241 B'way. Grasp the ball with thumb and third finger.

BOXING—Benefit bouts, Westchester County Centre, White Plains, N.Y., Fri., May 30, at 8 P.M. Gene Tunney will referee. Names of the boxers can be obtained from Mr. George Whiteside (Mr. Tunney's lawyer), care Chadbourne, Stanchfield & Levy, phone Rector 9220, or from the fighters themselves.

EXPLORATION—Byrd returns Thurs., June 19. Conflicts with greyhound racing at Mineola.

GYMNASTICS—National A.A.U. championships: Los Angeles, Cal., Fri., June 6. A long way to go to see horizontal-bar finals.

MARBLES—Interborough match for the city championship: City Hall Park, Wed., June 4, at 4 P.M. Borough champion will receive silver medal donated by the *World*. (Nothing to do with the Pulitzer awards.)

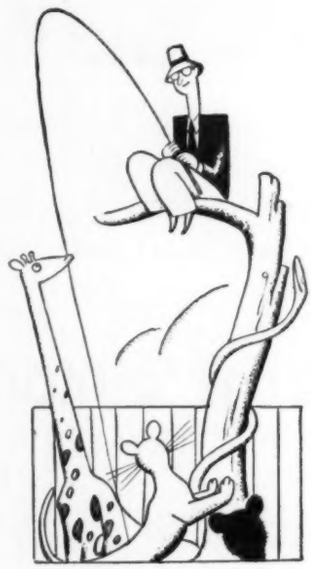
RACING—British Derby, Epsom Downs, Wed., June 4. (Europa sails from pier 4, Brooklyn, Fri., May 30. Takes almost five days.)

OTHER EVENTS

CONVENTION—New York State Branch of the United National Society of Post Office Clerks, in Flushing, L.I., Fri. and Sat., May 30 and 31. Probably not at that address.

CENTENARY—Edward P. Bradstreet, of Cincinnati, will be 100 years old in June. Interesting because he is said to be oldest living Yale alumnus. On the whole rather depressing.

YOGANANDA—Swami Yogananda, in his own specialty number: Carnegie Hall, Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. Eves., June 4, 6, 7, and 8, at 8:30. (N.Y. Law School has the hall for Thurs., June 5.)



PLAYLAND—Gen. Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff, will deliver the principal address at the Westchester County Memorial Day Exercises: Playland, Rye, N.Y., Fri., May 30, at 3 P.M. Good chance to see a Chief of Staff at Playland.‡

HOUSE-MARKING—The house in which Gen. Gouverneur Kemble Warren was born, at Cold Spring on Hudson, will be marked by the Putnam County Historical Society, Sun., June 8. The Society has had its eye on the house for some time.

JUBILEE—Lithuanian celebration of Jubilee of Grand Duke Vytantas. Limited revival of a special feeling: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., June 1.

PUBLIC HEARING—North River Bridge Company, a hearing in the Assembly Room, 2nd floor, Army Bldg., 39 Whitehall St., Wed., June 4, at 10 A.M. Chance to express an opinion about a bridge. Don't go if you have no opinion about bridges.

PROGRESS EXPOSITION—Every phase of life in Westchester. A beautiful and moving thing: County Centre, White Plains, Fri. through Sat., June 6-14. (Take Bronx River Parkway to White Plains, or can continue on to Valhalla, Kensico Dam, Armonk, Bedford, Ridgefield, and Danbury.)

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND—A meeting in the Quiet Room of the West Side Branch Y.M.C.A. Nothing noisy, but good solid stuff: Wed. Eve., June 4, at 7:45.

NOTES—The summer vacation of the Board of Estimate will extend from June 6 to Sept. 26. . . . Thurs., June 5, is the last day for putting furs in storage. . . . The new plan to prevent ticket speculation goes into effect June 1. (June 1 falls on a Sunday.)

‡ Only five other men have held the rank of Chief of Staff. They are, George Washington, Ulysses S. Grant, William T. Sherman, Phil H. Sheridan, and John J. Pershing.

•

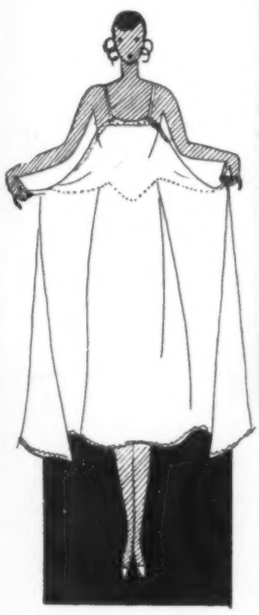
NOTE—July 4 will fall on a Friday.

AUCTIONS

GIRL LOOKING INTO ASH TRAY—And other miscellaneous pieces: 1151 6 Ave. If you fail to see four dollars and fifty cents' worth of merchandise when they open the box up, they forfeit fifty dollars of their own money, the best Uncle Sam makes. (Continuous.)

"It's a Best Fashion"

The modern way to achieve both the fashionable moulded silhouette and the essential shadow-proof panel.



TAILORED 5.95
LACE TRIMMED 7.95
LACE EDGED 9.75

Crêpe charette in white, flesh, or banana. Sizes 14 to 20x.

The New "Slim-Princess" Slips

MOST slips, in the hand, have a form, but it isn't always yours, when you get the slip on! The new Slim-Princess slips, on the other hand, have no form of their own (they open out flat like an apron) but adjust themselves perfectly to your form once they're on. The bodice top is moulded, the skirts are slightly circular—you cross them over, surplice fashion, in the back, adjust the little straps, and lo! there isn't a single wrinkle to mar the smooth perfection of your 1930 silhouette.

Second floor

WESTCHESTER *At Mamaroneck*

Best & Co.

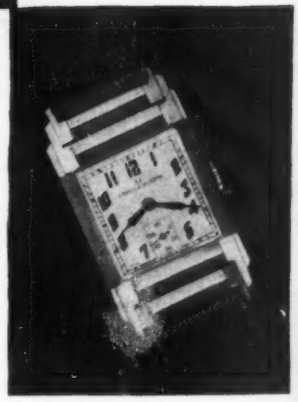
LONG ISLAND *At Garden City*

Fifth Ave. at 35th St., N. Y.

PARIS SOUTHAMPTON LONDON

Entire Contents Copyrighted—Best & Co.—1930

The recent Udall and Ballou collection of jeweled pieces and time-pieces presents a source of distinguished gifts for graduation. The brooch, baguette and round diamonds . . . $3,500. The watch, with case of baguette and round diamonds . . . $1,100.



From the Man's Watch collection. Original in design, raised gold numbers . . . two-color gold modernistic case . . . $210.

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

5th Avenue at 57th Street

NEWPORT—PARIS OFFICE, *48 Rue Lafayette*—PALM BEACH

Just arrived
in town....

SANSHEEN*

THE NEW DULL HOSE BY KAYSER

...the newest thing in hosiery!
...dull as can be!
...the last word in smartness!
...so much sheerer-looking!
...so much clearer!
...and they wear...and wear and wear!

IF they're the genuine "Sansheen" their smart dullness is permanent... it's the twist of the silk that does it.

And because of the wonderful "Sansheen" twist, the thread which appears so gossamer-sheer is strong, not apt to catch or pull. That's why "Sansheen" hose give you new ideas of the life-span of a stocking!

Two lovely qualities—Both SLENDO† *Heel*

150X . $1.65 Sheer Weight

140X . $1.95 Finer gauge and even more sheer

*Trade-mark applied for.
†Trade-mark Reg.
Licensee under Pat.
No. 1,111,658
©1930 J. K. & Co.

KAYSER SILK HOSIERY

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the better shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at Forty-first Street opposite the library

With All Due Credit . . .

There's a *Blue-Law* for every woman of fashion . . . wear blue shoes with your blue costume . . . or for that matter with all your summer prints. Blue pump with interesting new decor. 18.50

Blue Rhapsodie . . . by George Gershwin

Blue Blood . . . by Social Registerites

Blue Shoes . . . by Saks-Fifth Avenue

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FEW people are content with their life work. Certainly we are not, and this is partly due to our awareness of the melancholy fate that over-

takes old copies of THE NEW YORKER. When a magazine is a week old, it is either in a dentist's office, a garbage can, or on the floor under the radiator. This week, therefore, we were greatly cheered to hear what happens to our publication in Japan. A Mr. Engelhart of the United States Embassy in Tokio wrote us to say that he gets his eggs from the butcher and that they come in little paper bags made from old copies of THE NEW YORKER. What a marvellous world it is, and what a great people the Japanese!

AFTER some years of dangerous experimental work, we have arrived finally at a way to make a cab-driver slow down. Use his first name. This really works. Simply glance at the identification card and, if the name is Irving Levy, call out pleasantly: "Hey Irving, don't drive so fast!" The effect, we promise you, will be immediate. There is something about this intimate appeal that softens the heart and slackens the speed of even the veriest hellcat.

FOR the first time in a long while someone came in last week to ask our advice, about a little matter. The fellow wanted to know what we thought about the advisability of publishing a novel at his own expense. He said several publishers had turned it down, but he was convinced it was good. He would have a little money of his own in the fall, enough to see the book into print. He would rather spend his money that way than on automobiles, clothes, wine. Would we advise such a thing? And did we think the book-reviewers would find out his secret, and make fun of him? It was a hard question for us, coming right out of the middle of the morning. Trembling slightly, we at first advised him against publishing anything at his own expense. Then, drawing ourself erect, the truth began to flow from us like flame, and in a tempestuous outburst we advised him against publishing anything at *anybody's* expense. "If you have a little money coming to you

in the fall," we said, "buy a car, and have your initials painted on the door. There is still a little honor left among motorists."

THE balloting is all over with at Princeton and the results are public. The favorite beverage of the senior class is whiskey. The favorite actress is Lynn Fontanne. The favorite artist is Arno, with Titian second and Leonardo third. The favorite poem is "If." The greatest benefit derived from college is "contacts." Having cast their votes, the seniors are all ready to go forth into the world of affairs, where, the way things look now, they will be temporarily immersed in a long green wave of unemployment. At New Haven this year, the results of the Yale senior balloting are not to be made public, so we understand. It seems that there is some question about the advisability of revealing undergraduate tastes. It must worry the mothers of prospective Princeton students to learn that the favorite beverage of the seniors is whiskey, and it also must worry the generous old grads to learn that the money they gave Alma Mater is just developing "contacts." Personally we think college education, even in its present comical setting, mixed all up as it is with Titian, Fontanne, Whiskey, Arno, Kipling, and Contacts, is a good thing; but we often pause to think what fabulous sums of money would be turned loose on the world if ever it were discovered, suddenly, that the American system of education was really wrong, and didn't actually work at all.

ON the roof of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine stands a bronze statue of the Angel Gabriel, his trumpet at his lips, ready to blow on the Resurrection Morn. For thirty years he has stood there, facing the east over Morningside Drive and Harlem, and for thirty years the people of the neighborhood have gone to bed each night, secure in the feeling that they would have ample notice of Judgment Day. But now, less than a mile from the cathedral, what do we find but another bronze Gabriel, trumpet at lips, on the

roof of Dr. Fosdick's church overlooking the Hudson. Obviously this may some day mean trouble. If Morningside should hear a trump at dawn, how would the people know whether it was Manning's Gabriel or Fosdick's Gabriel? And unless they knew that, how would they know whether or not to bestir themselves?

The situation is made worse by the fact that the two Gabriels are facing more or less in the wrong directions for arousing their proper constituencies. The Episcopalian Gabriel faces east,

over Harlem, and would be heard largely by Hebrews and colored Baptists. The Baptist Gabriel points his horn at Trinity Cemetery, and would be heard by the Episcopal dead. This dilemma, it strikes us, is a problem for some committee on Christian unity. Consider what a dreary Resurrection Morn it would be for certain people to rise up at what they thought was the last trump, only to discover that the whole thing was started by a lot of Baptists.

Pastime

ONE thing the men in subway change booths do to pass the time away is reported by a friend, who went into the I.R.T. station at Sixty-sixth Street pretty late one night and found the man in charge earnestly engaged in standing nickels on edge. When our friend arrived he had got twenty-seven of them balanced erect, side by side. He said that was nothing, nothing at all: his record was fifty-nine. He said he hoped some day to get a round hundred of them, all up at once. Then he was going to start on dimes.

Milestone

THE case histories of movie directors are probably pretty dull as a rule but that of the man who directed "All Quiet on the Western Front" has elements of interest. His name, Lewis Milestone, has attracted attention. It isn't his real name; his real name is Russian and unpronounceable. He picked "Milestone" when he went into the movies, because he always liked the word and because it has nine letters, which he considers lucky. Milestone was born in Odessa, the son of a prominent Russian merchant who sent the boy to a mechanical-engineering college in Saxony, from which he ran away to America. His idea was to stop off in New York and then go on to New Zealand, but his money ran out. At the dock here a guide for an immigrant-welfare agency asked him where he wanted to go and he said the centre of New York, so the guide took him to Central Park and left him there. That was fifteen years ago. Milestone walked around, looking for work, which he found in a lace factory. He left that for a raincoat factory, and gave that up to carry a salesman's bag around town. Finally he got a job with a photographic studio, and another movie genius began to burgeon. He learned all there is to know about photography and during the war enlisted in the Signal Corps. He was sent to Washington to work in the motion-picture laboratories of the Corps's photographic division. There he met Hollywood people, serving their country in time of stress, and heard of the promised land. He went out there after the war and got a job as a film-cutter—worked at it three years before his talent for directing was discovered. It was Mr. William A. Seiter who discovered it, and made him an assistant director. The director took the name Milestone at this point and started in doing silent pictures. "The Racket" was one of the first things he did that made him known, but "All Quiet" was his big chance. He had a free hand, and went into the undertaking energetically, personally talking to all the extras so as to instill the Milestone spirit into them—the spirit that rose up from Central Park. He mounted high camera cranes on motor trucks and took trick shots at twenty-five miles an hour, a new stunt. A loudspeaker network enabled him to give commands to his staff of

"Wait, I call de butler. He knows more den I do."

assistants all over the battlefield. The picture cost a million and a quarter. Milestone, by the way, never saw fighting before he directed the battles on the Hollywood Western Front.

Since coming to America, the Russian director has learned to like mint juleps, night life, the woodcuts of Rockwell Kent, horse-racing, and sleeping till noons. He loathes Hollywood except as a place to work.

Shoppers' Guide

THE doorman at 632 Fifth Avenue, a tall, upstanding fellow, has to stand a good deal in the way of stares from easily diverted passersby because on the collar of his uniform is the inscription: "The Tailored Woman." We may have mentioned this before, but we bring it up now because of a snatch of dinner-table conversation of a recent evening. "Why, don't you know where St. Patrick's Cathedral is?" one lady was saying. "It's the church across the street from the Tailored Woman."

Heal the Sick

IF you should get lost in Waverly Place or Christopher Street or Grove, you are likely to end up at one of the most curious buildings in town, the Northern Dispensary. All these streets lead to the little triangle of ground on which the Dispensary was built. In color it is a cross between mouse and mustard, it is three stories high, and it will be a hundred years old next year. Entrance is by way of the basement, which smells of formaldehyde and looks like an old apothecary's shop. Shelves hold bottles and jars of white powders and of sapphire and emerald and ruby liquids. A kindly elderly gentleman in a white coat is in charge. A bird in a wooden cage, hard to distinguish in the dusk, scatters birdseed from its cage on old records and ledgers. These form an important history of sickness in Manhattan during the past century. Every year about five thousand persons visit the Dispensary, which was founded to care for the "worthy sick poor in the region bounded by Twenty-third and Spring Streets, Broadway and the North River." It is about thirty-five years older than the municipal health department, and has a glamorous tradition. Jenny Lind contributed money to its support, and so did James Bryce. Pierre Lorillard was a trustee and left the dispensary a thousand dollars in his will. The Rhinelanders, the Tailers, the Knoxes, and scores of other notable families have served on its trustee board. John R. Voorhis was president of the board forty years ago—when in his sixtieth year. Since 1831 only about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been willed to the institution and the trustees are dependent mostly on voluntary contributions.

The records of the Dispensary show, of course, that death rates have decreased steadily in the past century, but they also show that about a hundred and fifty thousand persons are sick in bed in Manhattan every day, and that one out of every twelve persons who are up and about needs medical care. In recent years the dispensary has gone in heavily for dental-clinic work. Poor people have to make engagements with the dentists there a month in advance.

Incidentally, a lot of freak wagers have been made, and won, on the location of the building. It is triangular in shape, and bounded on two sides by Waverly Place, which splits and forks around the building, and on the other side by Christopher and Grove Streets, which merge and become one there. Remember that, and never, never make a bet that there is no building in town which is bounded on one side by two streets and on two sides by one street.

Models

A REAL-ESTATE operator's wife, who does social-service work on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, went to interview a public-school superintendent upon a ticklish matter, the restoration to grace of the small son of one of the city's more unfortunate families. The superintendent was a lady whom the years had made tight-lipped and cynical. She quickly made it plain that she, as well as the boy's teacher, was entirely out of patience with him. He was a most difficult pupil, undisciplined, unruly, mischievous, unreliable, and had apparently no interest whatever in his studies. To substantiate this, she sent for him. The young demon arrived downcast and surly. Despite his attitude, the kind-hearted lady made a strong plea for him, promising reformation in his behalf. She then turned to him for confirmation.

"You're going to be a good boy from now on, aren't you, Tommy?" she said. "You're going to mind your teacher, and work hard, and grow up to be a great man, aren't you, Tommy—like Lindbergh?"

"Lindbergh, hah!" said the boy, leering wickedly. "I wanta be like Jimmie Walker."

"See?" said the superintendent. "Absolutely hopeless!"

Rarity

WHENEVER life begins to pall on Dr. Anderson and his assistants at the Public Library, some wag mentions the Ulster County *Gazette* of January 4, 1800, and everyone feels more cheerful. The *Gazette* is a standard joke at the Library. Every week from one to four people bring in copies of the January 4 issue, which announces the death of Washington, and offer to sell it for a thousand dollars or so. The joke is that, as far as is known, no original copy of that issue is in existence. (If it were, it wouldn't be worth more than fifty or a hundred dollars.) There are, however, a million bogus copies—literally. Sixty different reproductions are known. The Library has specimens of thirty of these. No two are alike. No real facsimile of the original exists because when the earliest copy was made, in July, 1825, there were no mechanical means for making facsimiles, and the original has since been lost. The counterfeit Ulster County *Gazettes* have appeared in large numbers on various festive occasions. Copies were sold at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876 for a nickel apiece. One reason for there being so many is that apprentice printers used to set up the *Gazette* as a test of their ability as compositors. Another is that an old gentleman who hailed from Frederick, Maryland, made his living by selling copies of the *Gazette* at fairs, carnivals, pageants, and other public events all over the country. He

had the copies printed and then soaked them in tan vats to make them look old.

The counterfeit *Gazette's* greatest triumph came right in New York. Two years ago it popped up in a window display of rarities in the Wurlitzer Building, alongside a Stradivarius worth thirty thousand dollars.

The Moon's Influence

A PARTY of Westchesterites came into town the other night to see a show and, as they planned to visit a night club afterward, dismissed their own car at the theatre. Later, a rented Packard, with one of those more-than-impeccable liveried chauffeurs at the wheel, took them home. It was past three in the morning when the car turned in at the gates of their estate and deposited them at their door, but it was the full moon's season, and everything was bright with its radiance. After his passengers had dismounted, the driver sat silent a moment, struggling, perhaps, with his impeccability. Then he spoke, quietly, to the host. "Do you mind," he asked, "if I get down and just walk around this place for a minute? Y'know, us guys in the city don't get to see anything like this much, with the moon and all." A little startled, the host consented, and for five minutes the driver strolled about the lawns, halted under the maple trees, gazed up into the sky. He then climbed back into his seat again, started the motor, touched his cap, and was off.

Maxie

IT'S about a year ago that Sam Harris called Harry Rosenthal on the phone and asked if it would be all right to come over and bring a couple of fellows. Rosenthal said sure. So Harris turned up with the authors of "June Moon" and told him they wanted him to play in it.

The success of Rosenthal in the part of Maxie was, as you are aware, conspicuous; and we now hear that he likes acting so well he intends to go on with it. He will be in the London production of the play.

Mr. Rosenthal is thirty-one. Up until his sudden defection, music had claimed him. He was a good pianist at ten, and had his own orchestra at twelve. He can play trumpet, trombone, 'cello, violin, piano, organ, traps, and xylophone. His hands, as we once mentioned, are insured for four hundred thousand dollars. He is single and lives, in amiable majesty, in a penthouse on the Warwick, climbing three steps at night into a Louis XV bed. The panelled walls of his living-room are covered with autographs of the great and the near-great. He lets anyone write his name on the panelling; later he edits the result, shellacking the names he likes, erasing the names he doesn't. There are three oil paintings in his bedroom, floodlighted in the most approved museum manner, but Harry doesn't know who painted them. "Some old master," he says.

He first achieved fame as an orchestra leader, specializing in society functions. He used to play at Palm Beach and at a good many fancy East Side gatherings. The orchestra made large profits, out of which Harry bought one Rolls-Royce and forty-seven suits of clothes. (He now has another Rolls-Royce, in payment of a debt, and alternates in using them.) Harry has also been getting a big salary from "June Moon," but is usually broke. The orchestra still runs under the baton of Harry's brother.

The thing he likes best is to get some members of the orchestra together in his apartment and play until dawn—Mozart, Beethoven. He also gets his family together at intervals for an evening of music—father at the violin, Harry at the cornet, a sister at the 'cello, another sister at the piano, and brother at the drums. The eldest Rosenthal usually breaks up these meetings in a violent row, arguing.

Rosenthal has written musical scores —"Bamboola," "Sky High," and "Clo Clo," the last in collaboration with Franz Lehar. He loves acting so much that it is hard for him to refrain from

buying up the house each night, sending the seats to friends. The opening week he had sixteen dollars left out of his salary after deductions for his private seat sale. On the stage he is not at all temperamental, and is prompt arriving at the theatre.

Doctor's Dilemma

MOVING-PICTURE executives have to think of everything. On Monday, for instance, one who was in town from Hollywood had to interview an actor who had been selected by his agents to play the part of a doctor in a forthcoming production. Casting for the rôle was difficult because the actor had to resemble the woman star closely enough to play the part of her brother, had to be of a certain age, and so on. The agents were pretty well satisfied with the selection, made after interviewing dozens of possibilities, but they were fated for disappointment. The magnate took one look at the actor. "He'd never do for the part," he said. "He don't look like a doctor. Too short."

Scandal

WE haven't met many people who have actually read "The Strange Death of President Harding" but most everybody is whispering about it. There is nothing to the various rumors that this and that eminent publisher or political party is behind it. It was put out by a Mr. Maurice Fryefield entirely on his own. He was sales-promotion manager for Nan Britton's "The President's Daughter." The connection between the two books ends with that coincidence. After the Britton book, Fryefield became head of the book department at Bernarr Macfadden's. The manuscript of the Harding book came to his desk after having gone the rounds of the publishers. He was enthusiastic about its possibilities. Macfadden refused to publish it, so Fryefield resigned and did it himself. It has been a best-seller.

Mrs. May Dixon Thacker, who wrote the exposé, met Gaston Means, who told her the story, in the Atlanta Penitentiary. Means was serving time there for his entanglement with the intrigues of the Harding administration. Mrs. Thacker, who is the wife of an evangelist, was there giving inspirational lectures and Bible talks to the inmates. She is a sister of Thomas Dixon, who wrote "The Clansman,"

from which "The Birth of a Nation" was made. She has been writing novels and pieces for twenty years. Just now she is starting on a series of twelve historical novels dealing with the story of America. Difficult assignments don't daunt her. She is tall, dignified, and handsome, and comes from Norfolk, Virginia. Anyhow, she met Means and believed his story, and when he was released they set to work writing the book. The manuscript was originally twice as long as the present volume but Fryefield cut out a lot on the advice of lawyers. According to Fryefield he has not received a single denial of the events recounted but on the other hand a lot of letters asking why such and such a thing was left out.

Many bookstores refused to sell Nan Britton's book, but none has refused this one. Nan Britton, by the way, didn't know anything about it until it came out. She is said to be disturbed because Means says he stole, on behalf of Mrs. Harding, the diaries and letters of hers which she says in her book she destroyed. She is in Paris now, with her daughter, Elizabeth Ann, who is twelve. The two have been living in New York, the girl attending public school here under the name of Elizabeth Ann Harding.

In connection with these goings-on we are told by a Washington man that the dedication of the Harding Memorial at Marion is indefinitely held up. The committee originally set out to raise a million dollars for the memorial but when the Nan Britton scandal broke, the idea of magnificence was quietly abandoned. The present Republican group didn't take much interest in it and to this date Marion hasn't been able to get Hoover, Coolidge, Hughes, or anyone like that to speak at a dedication.

The Chip

A DOWAGER whose interests and activities seem not to be lessened in any way by the weight of years has been seen about much at theatres and all sorts of places lately with her granddaughter, who came out two or three years ago. She is quite enthusiastic about her descendant. "She's the most delightful companion I know," she explained the other evening. "Very interesting. I don't say that just because she's my granddaughter either; she can pick a flaw in anything."

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Mother, how do you get mixed up with a woman?"

THE PERFECT AUDIENCE

BEFORE we do a thing, we must get one point straight; so please pay attention and don't go woolgathering out the window.

When, in the following *jeu d'esprit*, I refer to "movie audiences," I do not mean those members of the general public who go *to* the movies, but audiences whom we see taking part *in* the movies themselves. . . . Oh dear, I am afraid that we never shall get this clear!

Let's get at it from another angle. Let us say that we are watching a movie in which there is supposed to be a performance of a musical comedy. The scene is inside a theatre. (*Now* we're getting it!) The audience, made up of extra men and women, is in its seats, and we are shown a long shot, first from the back of the imitation theatre looking toward the stage, and then from the stage showing how the theatre looks to the actors. *That* is what I will mean from now on when I say "movie audiences." . . . Whew! I almost wish that I had never started this.

THE audiences (remember now!) which one sees in pictures appear to be recruited from a class of people considerably more naïve than those one sees in real theatres. If each and every face were not visible (the house lights always seem to be on during the performance, showing up every nook and cranny of the house and the features of everyone in the audience), one might think that most of them were children who had never been to the theatre before. In fact, the nearest approximation in real life to the behavior of an "audience" in the movies is that at a children's matinée of "Beauty and the Beast."

There is a constant stirring sense of repressed motion, of excitement, of intense personal interest in the goings-on on the stage. Everyone seems acquainted with everyone else, and there is a running buzz of nervous conversation which sometimes rises to a roar. One would not be surprised to see frequent and tearful departures toward the exits and rest-rooms of the more temperamental spectators who just couldn't stand the strain another minute.

But they make ideal audiences, these movie extras. Not only do they fill every seat in the auditorium but they *keep* their seats. And they all wear impeccable evening dress. There is none of this sneaking-in-late of newspaper critics dressed in sport togs, and no thumping down the aisle of theatre parties at nine-twenty. The entire opening chorus is watched by a sea of excited eyes, registering vital emotion, and there is not a seat left empty or a face left blank. It must be a great experience to play to such a house.

Enthusiasm is a weak word for what runs riot. At the conclusion of each number, they applaud hysterically, each one raising the hands high above the head so that the camera may see. And there are no slackers, either. The entire audience, to a man, behaves like those little claques who are present at each opening night in the real theatre determined that their favorite shall receive an ovation even though the play be stopped. They all clap very fast, very loudly, and very high up. It is almost as if someone were giving them a signal.

IT takes very little to throw a movie "audience" into a bedlam of enthusiasm. They are probably the easiest to excite of any audience in the world, not excepting the kiddies at "Beauty and the Beast." In several of our current feature pictures lately, the hero or heroine has been depicted as making a début before a blasé Broadway audience, and the acts which they have put on, and which have swept the crowd off its feet, have been acts which, to say the least, seemed hardly worthy of such a demonstration. In fact, some of them seemed hardly worth putting on at all.

In a feature picture a short time ago a well-known stage hoofer, now gone movie, literally knocked 'em cold with a dance routine which he himself has surpassed many a time at Sunday-night benefits. At its conclusion, the roof was shaken and the walls rocked by a thunder of applause such as could hardly have greeted Nijinsky on his first appearance in America.

A beautiful young daughter of a talented family is even now, in color, throwing what is supposed to be a typical Broadway revue first night into a hysterical fit simply by lending her charming presence (entirely as an observer) to an "Alice in Wonderland" ballet which, when it was done six years ago in the Music Box, was one of the milder features of the show. People not only applaud wildly but many jump out of their seats and cry "Bravo!" (It is perhaps too much to expect that they should cry "Brava!") and one feels that, as the happy young lady leaves the theatre, the milling crowds will unhitch the horses from her carriage and drag it through the emotion-seared streets of hardboiled New York. Nobody knows what ever becomes of the rest of the show, the curtain always falls on the riot, and the supposition is that the audience disperses in a frenzy and rushes out to toll bells and things.

NOW all this is very charming, and it is good to know that somewhere in the world there are people who are so well behaved and easy to excite. But does it not explain why Broadway is losing its stars to Hollywood? What hoofer, on seeing an old-fashioned "off-to-Buffalo" step completely panic an audience, would not long for such a spot and determine to go after it? What singer, on hearing one verse and a chorus of a regulation counter-number bring the rafters crashing down on the head of the lucky performer, would not throw a few things into a bag and make for the Coast, where talent is evidently appreciated to the point of epilepsy? Even though they realize, as they are making the picture, that the audience is being paid seven-fifty a day for sitting there and that the applause is the result of a signal from an assistant director, nevertheless the audience is there and cheering and the applause is there and apparently incessant. After all, an actor is only an actor. So either those of us who constitute real audiences in New York must loosen up in our emotions and stop sitting on our hands, or we shall lose what few performers we have left.

And I'll bet that three out of the possible four readers who have stuck to this article to the end *still* think that I have been writing about audiences *at* the movies. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

"I'm in a rut, Joe, a rut."

MORNING

Return to the furrows, farmer, return to the plow,
Light is come, and the time of resting is past;
Continue, robin, your flights from the ground to the bough,
Borrowing bits of weed and straw from the vast
Wealth of the earth to make a home for a day;
Mule, give your neck to the harness, your back to the load:
Man and bird and beast must labor to pay
For the gift of life mysteriously bestowed
Upon them. Swiftly passes the sleep in the dark,
And soon again they remember the work undone—
The building unfinished, the wound unstaunched, and the stark
Grief unsubdued, the ultimate peace unwon.
Somewhere, nevertheless, in the world there lie
Bodies from which the spirit darkened and torn
Escapes from the struggle; somewhere under the sky
Flesh lies abandoned and need not rise to the horn.

—HELENE MULLINS

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THE CRIME AT MRS. WARD'S

MRS. WARD came bustling over with paper and pencils.

"Hello, Maude," I said. "Sit down."

"Oh, I can't. There's a new game—they're all dying to try it. Do be a lamb, Micky dear, and say you'll play. And Mr. Chilter. Such fun—Mr. Zinsser's going to tell us. Philip Zinsser, you know, awfully musical, and *so* witty. *Did* you know? Oh Dolly, take this pencil; it's much sharper." She whizzed off to another group. . . .

". . . Amusing new game"—a voice was raised, presumably Mr. Zinsser's, if Mr. Zinsser has a beard—"and very easy. Has everybody a pencil and paper?" A dominating quality in his voice silenced the after-dinner babble in Maude Ward's dainty drawing-room, and concentrated attention on the speaker. "Good. Now, ladies and gentlemen, please form in line facing that wall, your backs to me. You may find these preliminaries a bit absurd, but they are quite necessary, believe me. . . . Now, starting from the end, sit, squat, and lie down, alternately. . . . Yes, it's part of the game, I assure you. That's right—sit, squat, and lie. . . . No, Mrs. Spencer, you squat. . . . Next, place the little finger of your right hand on your left eyebrow, and the thumb on the point of the chin. . . . That's right. . . . No, it's not a joke. Now place your papers between your lips, by one corner."

"What on earth's the paper for?" mumbled Mr. Peters, amid general laughter. "Can't write on it dangling from my chin."

"To insure silence, Mr. Peters, while I explain the game." The voice was stern. "And as the first move is mine," it continued suavely, "permit me to warn you, ladies and gentlemen, that I am now holding in my hand a small but deadly revolver, the use of which I thoroughly understand. Look round and see." It was true. "Now turn your heads again."

"The name of this new game is 'Humanism.' My object in pro-

"Wouldn't this make the dearest tearoom!"

"What have you done to help preserve our bird and flower life, Mr. Dent?"

posing it this evening is to give myself the personal satisfaction of being in a room with a dozen people for half an hour without hearing the word uttered. The curious positions I have caused you to adopt are to enable you to concentrate on not uttering it. To promote still farther your powers of concentration, let me assure you that I shall shoot in the back the first person who repeats it—careful, Mr. Pellet, better not speak at all, it might slip out.

"Before we start to play, I propose to entertain you with a little history, to show you why I am taking these possibly extreme measures to stamp out the menace of this newest craze. I have a very dear friend—had, rather, because now that friend is a hopeless maniac, gibbering and plucking at his flesh in a barred cell. He may be described as the victim of Humanism. One by one he took the crazes up, as they followed in succession through the years, and one by one he mastered them. It was in the early days of the century as a little innocent boy—remain squatting, please, Mrs. Bean"—the voice was courteous, but edged with steel—"that my friend acquired a leather-burning set, and happily joined the nation in burning Indian heads on leather—he was too young for the first ping-pong wave. He shouted 'Uneeda Biscuit' to street-car conductors and cabbies, 'Get a horse' to stalled motorists, and said 'ZuZu' to the groceryman. He was among the first of the 1906 diabolo addicts, and as the years rolled by he similarly took to his bosom put-and-take tops, Eskimo Pie, mah-jongg, Coué, scofflawry, categories (or Guggenheim), Queen Marie, crossword puzzles, sex, anagrams, badminton, Yo-Yo tops, and backgammon, as each in turn came into fashion. He scideled to Hoboken and taxied to Harlem when those were the things to do, and wrote little pieces on the social, artistic, and economic significance of—now Mr. Gotch, don't weaken; keep your hand up—Charlie Chaplin, the Six Brown Brothers, short skirts, Joe Jackson, Lillian Gish, Will Rogers, the return of the corset, Rudy Vallée, 'The Well of Loneliness,' Amos 'n' Andy, D. H. Lawrence, Krazy Kat, long skirts, Paul Whiteman, and kindred modern phenomena. He returned from France last summer wearing a beret and espadrilles, and he'd thrown away the top part of his bathing suit.

"And then came Humanism; my friend went mad, gentlemen, completely and irrevocably mad. I am dedicating my life to avenging him. I go from drawing-room to dinner party to studio tea—killing, just killing, as I shall kill all of you this evening . . . unless—for Philip Zinsser is merciful—you are able to grasp, more successfully than my previous victims have done, the straw I am about to offer you. . . . Take your papers and pencils, ladies and gentlemen—don't turn round—and write, in not more than twelve words, the answer to this question: 'What is Humanism?' You have ten minutes."

The voice fell silent. A curious voice, inspiring, mesmeric, menacing; now pitched in a high delicate quaver, now a bass rumble, now speaking the chopped fruit of New England, now the slurring whine of the South. It penetrated to my inmost being, abiding there, and even after it had ceased, its echo commanded an obedience that had its root in horror.

SILENCE, the silence of clammy terror. Sweat gathered on my brow, in the palms of my hands. Here and there along the line the tentative scratch of a pencil, followed immediately by the eraser's nervous squeak. Not a word was spoken. I tried to think coherently, but failed, for in my head a formless, interminable refrain, that I could not banish, was lilting and fading: "What is this thing, called Humanism? . . . What, is-this-thing, called Humanism? . . . What *is* this thing, called—"

"You have two minutes, ladies and gentlemen." A pause; then, almost instantly, it seemed: "You have one minute." The voice was smooth, cruel. "And I need hardly remind you," it continued slowly, gloatingly, "that your lives are forfeit if either you

"Someday it would be nice to go back and visit my old parents on the fourth floor."

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have written nothing, or if what you have written is unsatisfactory."

Then, like doom's very trumpet, "Time! . . . Get up! Face me!"

We stumbled to our feet, and turned —to face a levelled revolver and Philip Zinsser smiling evilly behind his beard.

"Hold your papers over your hearts," he rapped out. All obeyed. "Ha ha, just as I expected—blank, every one!" And he began to shoot. One by one the bullets tore into the hearts of the assembled company, one by one they toppled, clutched at space, and fell, as their spirits fled and their gore poured forth on the expensive carpet.

I was at the end of the line, the last victim. I gazed into the revolver's little round black muzzle, then, cowering, covered my face with my blank paper, as—"Damn!" hissed Zinsser, and the revolver spoke.

"Thank God, he's aiming at my head!" was my last conscious thought before I felt the bullet crash through my skull and emerge on the other side. I knew no more. . . .

But then, I reflected more cheerfully, when I had presently recovered, if I had had any brains I wouldn't have been dining at Mrs. Ward's in the first place.

"MY dear, isn't Humanism just too divahn?" said the débutante on my right last night at Mrs. Garvage's dinner party, over the *ris de veau à la financière* and *pommes soufflées*, with a side dish of greens. . . . I picked up my plate and left hurriedly, summoned a taxi, and finished my dinner in solitude. —DONALD MOFFAT

THE GIRL FRIEND

THE transaction was finished. I was now the tenant of her apartment and she could gather about her the dusty velvet of her coat and retire to her own bed-sitting-room somewhere across town. But she hesitated and looked around once more at the room; the useless ugly little plates hanging on the walls in their wire frames, the dozens of near-jade bowls sitting on the mantelpiece and the table and every other horizontal plane in the place, the china fruit in the china basket, and the brass, beloved of her soul. It glittered everywhere, from the tray that held the aspidistra and the toasting fork hung on the door and the warming pan (antique) that stood opposite the bellows at the side of the little gas grate. There was even a tiny brass knocker on the bathroom door.

I was not feeling whimsical, but they did look alike, the room and its owner. She too was covered with little objects: her hat had ribbons and pins on it and her poor old neck was swathed in a wispy silk muffler and there was a tired furpiece on the velvet coat. Here and there she had doggedly added a bit of color. No two of the colors had the slightest acquaintance with each other. There was a suggestion of satisfaction with the ensemble, too. I thought, "I'm glad she is proud of her things," but I wanted her to go.

"You *will* be careful, won't you?" she asked, and smiled as if she would die smiling, and that soon.

"I'll try to be," I answered. "I suppose everything is very brittle?"

"Quite, and of course the brass will need polishing. Sarah ought to polish the brass every week. You had better be careful about cats. I had a girl friend who visited me once and insisted on bringing her cat. You've no idea what clumsy animals they can be."

I tried to imagine that girl friend. Tottering on her legs, no doubt, poor old soul. . . . I *wished* that she would go.

"It's getting to be lunchtime," she said, and I felt helpless. "Let's have a sandwich down the street and talk all the things over that we've forgotten to settle. I haven't talked with you yet about the cleaning-woman. There is a nice little place on the corner, not too expensive. I suppose"—she smiled again—"you're like the rest of us: you have an eye for nice little places." I thought of all the refined old things

with their bits of color, lining up in some nice little place and welcoming me to their number with chill feeble handclasps.

"Before we go," she added, "I wanted to show you where I rig up a line when I wash my stockings and so forth. They dry better just here, by the window. I suppose you wash your dainty things yourself? So much safer, I always say. I have lots of pretty things I wouldn't trust to the laundry."

THE nice little place was perfectly nasty: dusty and genteel and rickety. We had sandwiches and tea.

"I used to eat here a good deal when my girl friend was staying with me," she said. "I really decided to give the apartment up because she had to go away: it's so lonely now. But we used to have quite a gay time. It's a cozy little nest, don't you think? One has privacy, too. Being a girl and living all alone in the city can be so disagreeable. I've had some unpleasant experiences." She nibbled her sandwich. "I wish you could have met my girl friend while she was still here. She was very lively. I myself have a quiet nature, but I appreciate liveliness in people." She picked up her teacup with a skinny yellow hand. "I've always been quiet. It's my stomach: delicate." She sipped her tea delicately to demonstrate, and put it down again with a weary gesture. "They never make it right in these public places, do they?" she said fretfully. "And the waitresses are getting so—you know, I don't know what's happening to waitresses. They've become so haughty. I know that the lower classes have a hard time of it, but really, the way some of these girls act. . . . Duchesses!"

She patted her lips with a pink handkerchief.

"About the cleaning-woman," she said. "I believe you saw her yesterday at the apartment? Did she seem satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "I liked her. Irish, I think."

"Remember," she said warningly, "I know nothing about her personally. She is well recommended and I hope she is reliable, but one never can tell. I've had people in to clean at my little shop and months later I've missed things, when it was too late to take steps about it. Don't leave money about. You simply can't trust these people."

I protested, "Oh, but I'd hate to think anything like that of Sarah. I couldn't feel right about having someone around that I didn't trust. Besides—" I stopped, and thought of Sarah with an entirely new fondness: her heavy young tread and her loud strong voice. "She made a good impression on me," I added. "So cheerful."

She shook her head. "That's just the kind you must watch. Untrained and undisciplined."

"Well," I muttered, "she seemed a nice girl."

She put down the teacup and stared at me with a queer expression. There was incredulity in it, and pity and contempt and a good deal of impersonal disgust.

"Oh," she cried, "didn't you know? I thought you did. Sarah's not a *girl*. She's"—her voice sank to a whisper—"she's *married*." —EMILY HAHN

•

CARROUSEL

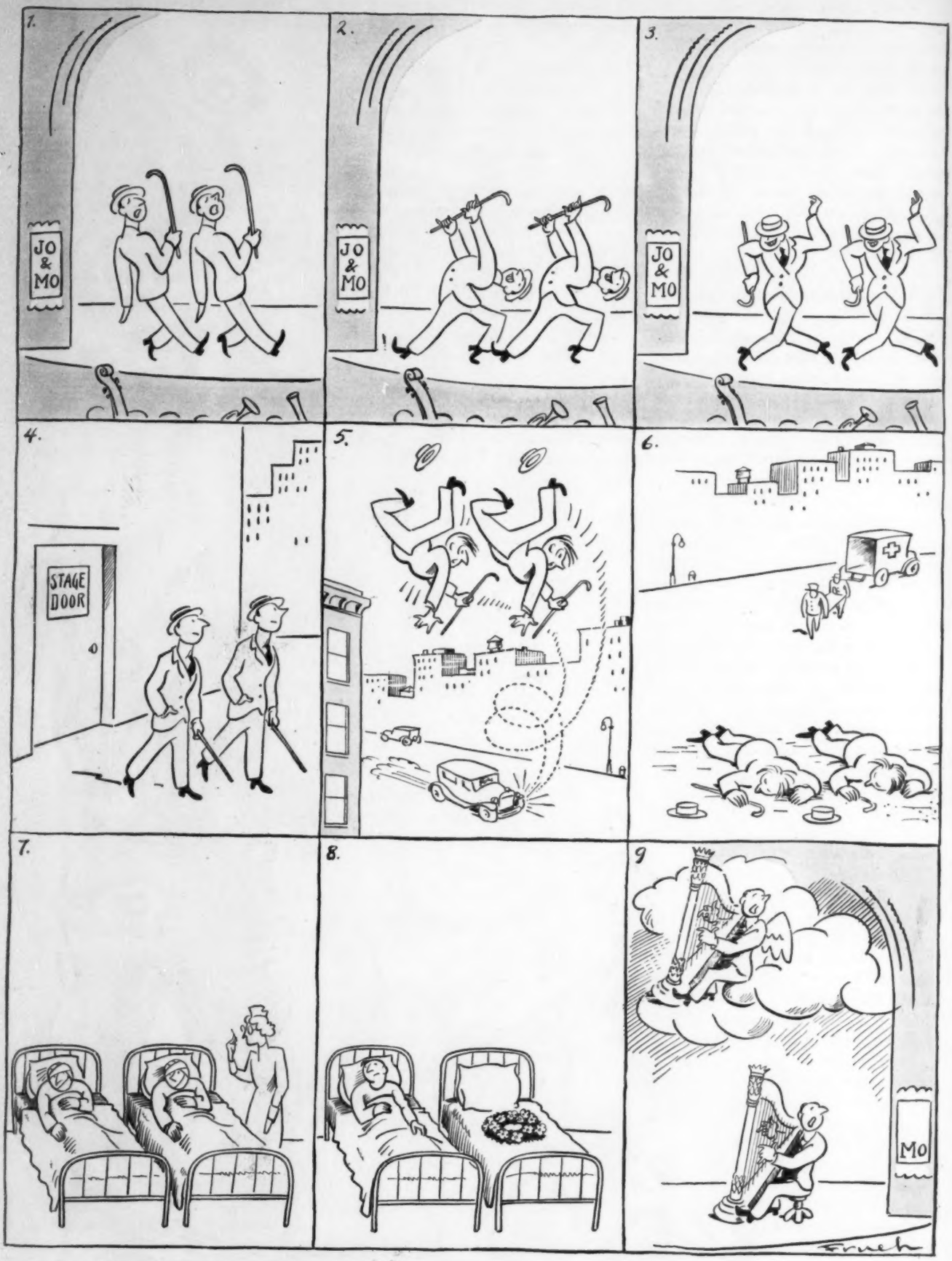
Just two kinds of lovers, lass,
Opportune, inopportune:
Whether he will stay or pass,
Depends upon the moon.

Life's a carrousel at last;
You will find, my dear,
The same tune that sweeps one past
Brings another near.

—ANNE HERENDEEN

• •

"Now quit starin' that way—you make me noivous."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SLOW FREIGHTS

DURING coffee, my friend began to talk of Michigan, in a nostalgic, wistful voice.

"There is a county in the northern part of the state, up near the Straits of Mackinac, called Emmet County. The railroad runs up through there, and one of the little towns on the line is called Wequetonsing. I don't know why I'm telling you this, but I often think about it. There's a village idiot in Wequetonsing." My friend paused thoughtfully and took another sip of his coffee. "Every day this idiot goes down to the station and watches the slow freights go through. He takes down the numbers of the freight cars on a piece of paper."

"Yes," I said.

"Then he goes home at night," continued my friend, looking at me steadily, "and adds them up." —E. B. W.

• •

OF ALL THINGS

IN a single day our town took two giant strides toward peace and quiet. The Board of Aldermen passed an ordinance prohibiting outdoor loudspeakers and Mulrooney took the place of Whalen.

•

As to whether a cop can run the Police Department efficiently, there has long been a violent difference of opinion. Big Bill Devery was called the best chief New York ever had but not, if memory serves us, by anybody but himself.

•

Congress has bowed to the President's wishes upon the debenture and flexibility clauses and thus deprived Mr. Hoover of his alibi for vetoing the Hawley-Smoot mess. This is the kind of victory that ruins a man.

•

We hereby throw the weight of our influence against Mr. Garner's suggestion that Texas divide itself into five states. Ten Sheppards in the Senate, our figures show, would be a terrible lot of Sheppards.

•

Now F. W. Plummer, who lives in the other half of the famous double house in Northampton, is writing articles for the newspapers. It seems that the Coolidges were nice, quiet neighbors and generally away from home.

•

Sir Joseph Duveen has settled out of court with Mme. Hahn at a reported price of a hundred thousand dollars. Sir Joseph was the author of the costly words beginning, "What is wrong with this picture?"

•

If Science were as wonderful as it thinks it is, it would think up some way to utilize the water that falls on Kentucky Derbies—known locally as the mean annual rainfall.

•

Thirty-seven billion dollars' worth of German bonds were burned by the Reparations Commission. The bonfire probably gave out a strong odor as of rubber cheques.

•

Princeton has opened the senior-class voting season. Happily these collegiate views on literature, drama, and statesmen are not binding upon the rest of us. It is only a consultative pact.

•

Guests at the Hotel New Yorker are requested to answer questions about how well they slept. It was news to us that visitors to our lively city ever slept at all. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

". . . and
to this day
my mother doesn't
know how
to bathe a baby."

PROFILES

ON THE UP

ONE of New York's five borough presidents, sometimes referred to as the city's "five little mayors," is George Upton Harvey. What is a borough president? Well, for one thing, he is in charge of the administration of a borough, is elected for a four-year term by the voters in his borough, and draws a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year. Some borough presidents work hard.

If you want to have your street repaved, or a nice new sewer put in, it's up to the borough president. Of course your local alderman (you can ascertain his name by calling up any political committee), or some civic organization, may take the first steps, drawing up bills, "seeing" the right people, but it is the borough president who gives the yea or nay decision. Measures may be passed against his will, but not often.

Along with the mayor, the city controller, and the president of the Board of Aldermen, the "five little mayors" make up the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. It is this board which runs New York. The members appropriate the cash and the Board of Aldermen does just what the Board of Estimate tells it to do. The Democratic organization sees to that. After all, there are only four Republican members on that particular board out of a membership of sixty-five honorable gentlemen. The official title of an alderman is "honorable."

New York has one Republican borough president. The same George Upton Harvey is the man. He represents Democratic Queens. There is not even a lonely Republican alderman from that borough. Mr. Harvey has his office in a large building which looks like a storage warehouse and which is known as the borough hall. Inside there are bureaus—bureaus of public works, highways, sewers, planning commissions, and countless chief clerks and assistant chief clerks and engineers and assistant engineers and rotten elevator service. All borough halls have rotten elevator service.

As borough president George Harvey appoints his commissioners. He signs contracts. He has more than three thousand men and women under him. Sometimes the chairman of the political party in the county is the real borough president, but in Queens Mr. Harvey is his own president and he is having a grand time. Mr. Harvey is an interesting man. One reason is that he almost always succeeds in doing what he sets out to do. Every time that he has succeeded it has been after his dearest friends and enemies have predicted that he didn't have a chance. The reason he is having such a good time is simple. He likes to work. It gives him something to do.

HARVEY served in the war overseas, first as a captain, then as a major. Soldiering is his inherent profession and his friends say that he is the perfect soldier type. Mr. Harvey has little use for temperament in war. He does not care for "All Quiet on the Western Front" and says that Remarque is a pessimist, a man headed either for a suicide's death or an insane asylum, hence a poor soldier.

"He has a morbid mind; he saw everything that was gloomy. It's just as if, when driving along in an automobile, the only things you saw were the dead cats and dogs along the road."

That is Mr. Harvey's criticism of "All Quiet," yet those who are ready to jump upon him—and jumping upon Mr. Harvey is one of the things that many people have done many times—should also consider his comment on why we have war. It is:

"War is one of the finest pastimes that we have. Men and women both want it and that's why we have it."

Harvey was a good soldier. Next to the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross is the highest decoration for bravery that the United States government bestows upon its citizens. Harvey won it, on the Vesle. Two machine-gun crews were raising the devil with A Company of the 308th Infantry. Harvey took seven men with him, in daylight, and he brought back the two machine guns and a prisoner. The other three Germans who manned the guns were "left there" and of the seven men that Harvey took with him, four were killed and three were wounded. Harvey didn't get a scratch.

There does not seem to be anything complicated about Mr. Harvey. Life, providing he has something to do, is a rather simple thing. He is a moral man, and he spends his summer vacations on a four-acre farm in New Milford, Connecticut, where he grows his favorite vegetable—cabbage. He is married and has two children. His daughter is twenty-one and is assistant principal of a business college in Flushing. His son is seventeen.

George Upton Harvey

Personally, Mr. Harvey has no desire to go to Florida or to any other place where he might be obliged to become a society man in white flannels and catch sailfish. He enjoys walking and he loves the radio. He has had as many as three radios in his home, all of them going at once, but not very noisily. He reads war histories and no doubt looks forward to the next war.

Social problems do not disturb him. There should be no difficulty in solving the Communist question—granted, even, that there is one. Mr. Harvey says all the Communists should be shipped back to Russia. Really very simple. His opinion of politics is equally uncomplicated. Politics are getting purer every day and a politician is more honest than a businessman, works exactly four times as hard, and makes exactly ten times as little money.

Mr. Harvey is one of those men who get somewhere, but just how he does it remains an annoying mystery to those who predict that he won't. It isn't that Mr. Harvey goes out of his way to deceive people. Not at all. Instead, he fools people by his unconcerned manner just as many a man has been fooled by an anemic-appearing individual who could chin himself twenty times or do a hundred yards in eleven seconds.

MR. HARVEY was born in County Galway, Ireland. Ireland was

his father's home, but his mother was born in Staten Island and her father, born in Salem, Massachusetts, was named Upton, one of the oldest and best names in that sea town of yesterday. Grandfather Upton went to Ireland on business, the shipping business. He was associated with Sir Frederick Cameron. His daughter went with him and it was in Ireland that she met Mr. Harvey's father, the best manufacturer of brushes in the county. Mr. Harvey says that the brushes that his father made were so excellent that they never wore out and that a time came when there remained no more customers. At all events, Harvey Senior went into bankruptcy.

The borough president of today was about five years old then. The father brought his family (Mr. Harvey still refers to it as "coming out") to the United States for a fresh start. The father organized the American Chicle Company and he started a trade paper, the *International Confectioner*, a monthly which the borough president now owns.

The elder Harvey prospered in America and then disappeared. His family was puzzled. Business affairs were in good shape; no question about that. Then a letter came. Harvey Senior had merely returned to Ireland to discharge his debts, with interest. He came back to the United States and sent his son George over to Ireland to be educated. George attended Coleraine College, in County Antrim, and prepared for Dublin. You wouldn't think, to look upon him, that Mr. Harvey was a good rugby player, but he was. He was such a good player that he made the Monktown team which won the championship of Ireland, and he scored forty-two goals in a single season.

Instead of going to the University of Dublin, Harvey returned to the States and became a newspaper photographer. He joined the *Army & Navy Register* and went with the fleet to the West Indies as its representative. He had a swell time taking pictures and was under fire when the marines occupied San Domingo.

In 1908 Mr. Harvey went into business and helped his father edit the *International Confectioner*. In 1915 he volunteered for the first Plattsburg Camp. Mr. Harvey thinks that he was the thirty-fifth man to do so. The following summer he was again in camp and he obtained a captain's commission.

Mr. Harvey put his military training to more than one purpose. He went into the book-publishing business and turned out twenty-seven manuals for use as textbooks. They were on all subjects: machine guns, officer's notes (Mr. Harvey says that by reading this volume a soldier was qualified to receive an officer's commission in two weeks), and even one manual on the transport of troops across the Atlantic Ocean. The books had the indorsement of Major General Leonard Wood. The writing was done by Captain R. M. Parker of the regulars, but Mr. Harvey did the printing and editing, and they formed the Harvey-Parker Military Series.

So, while many businessmen were doing "squads right" and "left front in-

"Hey! Quit that splashing—
where do you
think you are!"

to line" and sacrificing their business, the little man in khaki with them, who appeared so insignificant, was both serving his country and increasing his bank account. Mr. Harvey says he does not know how many books were sold, but he declared that five thousand copies of one of the manuals, "Officer's Notes," taken from wounded and dead American soldiers, were collected by the Salvage Corps at Tours.

AFTER the war Mr. Harvey found himself temperamentally out of a job. The *International Confectioner* was still running, but this did not give him much of a thrill and there did not seem to be any need for a twenty-eighth volume in the Harvey-Parker Military Series. Then one day he received a letter in the mails. It contained a sewer assessment for five hundred and fifty dollars. Harvey asked his neighbor across the street if he, too, had received one. The neighbor had, and for the same amount. Mr. Harvey decided to go into politics. He sensed that that sewer assessment was a trifle high and he wished to be in an official position to do a little investigating.

For years he had been a member of the Republican organization in Queens and had fussed around his local district clubhouse, but nobody had paid any special attention to him, and the borough continued pleasantly Democratic. Now, with that sewer assessment—Mr. Harvey likes something that is tangible—he had an excuse to go into politics, definitely. He ran for the Board of Aldermen and was elected.

His associates called him the "Fighting Alderman," but most of Mr. Harvey's fighting was devoted to the Republican organization. His sewer activities came later. Why has Harvey succeeded? One good reason is that he has been able to win Democratic votes. But how? The chief answer is: because of the various factions in the Democratic organization in Queens, all equally jealous and very willing to knife each other.

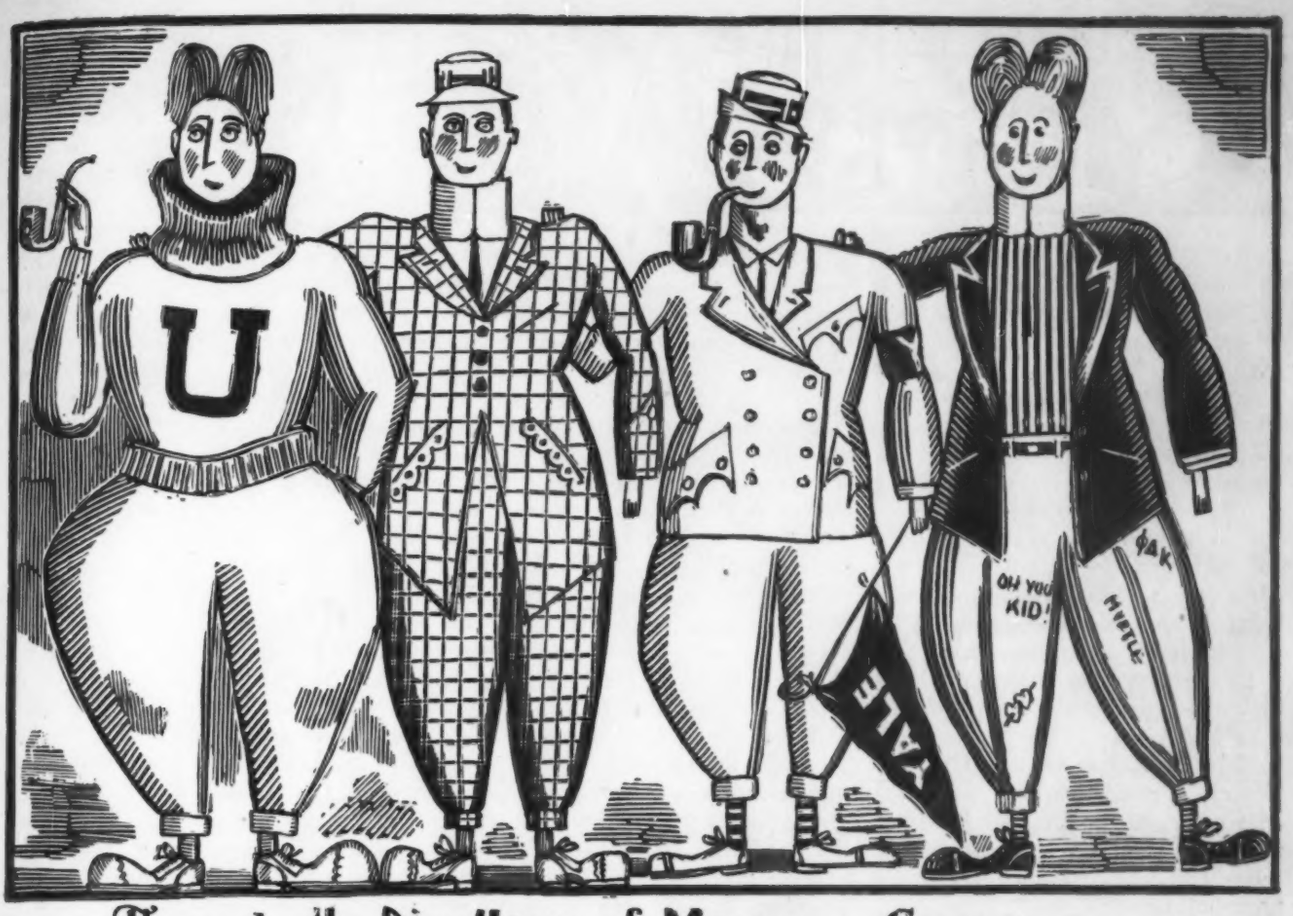
Yet there is another reason. Harvey has attracted independent voters and he has done this by fighting the borough Republican organization, of which Joseph H. DeBragga has been the leader for thirty years. Harvey hates DeBragga and DeBragga hates Harvey. Last fall he whipped DeBragga for the Republican nomination for borough president. In politics he has always been curiously independent for a Republican politician in this city.

"Well, all right. Just one more slice and then I must be getting on with my diet."

THERE was one election, though, that he lost. As an alderman he had not received much publicity. Just the Alderman from Queens and somewhat of a bore at that. The leaders of the Republican party in those days did not know anything about Mr. Harvey and apparently did not care to. A mayoralty election rolled around and Tammany put up State Senator James Walker. Walker defeated Mr. Hylan in the primaries, but, according to law, an election had to be held, so the Republicans, always obliging to the Democrats, put up a city ticket.

Nobody wanted the job of Republican mayoralty candidate, so it was presented to Frank D. Waterman, the fountain-pen manufacturer. Less than nobody wished to be candidate for President of the Board of Aldermen, so it was offered to the Fighting Alderman from Queens, about whom nothing was known in Manhattan, Kings, Richmond, or the Bronx, and very little in Queens, for that matter. Mr. Harvey accepted and in that campaign achieved exactly the same amount of publicity as Mr. Waterman, which wasn't very much.

Even as a campaigner Mr. Harvey shows himself to be fundamentally a



Through the Dim Haze of Memory Comes
KLASSY KUT KOLLEGE KLOTHES
ENGRAVED BY JOHN HELD JR AN OLD ALUMNUS

moral man. He asked, and asked quite sincerely, in that campaign:

"Do you want New York to become a second Paris?"

After that campaign Mr. Harvey should today be about as interesting politically as Mr. Waterman is. But Harvey continued his business of "fooling" people and upsetting dopesters. He ran for the Board of Aldermen again, fought the G.O.P. organization, and won.

THEN came the sewer scandal. Harvey filed with Governor Smith charges of malfeasance and neglect of duty against Borough President Maurice E. Connolly, and there were those who said that Harvey didn't know what it was all about, anyway. Of all the newspaper stories in recent years that sewer story is the longest and dullest. It all came down to one word, "graft," only the graft in this instance chanced to be sewer pipe for which the borough paid a rather fancy price. Today several people, among them Mr. Harvey, and also among them Mr. Harry Klein, former reporter, author, lawyer, who in this case represented a group of sadly irate taxpayers, take credit for the investigation that followed, and the conviction of Connolly, *et al.*

Harvey and Klein: the two make an interesting comparison, and perhaps there is a moral lesson somewhere. Klein, glib of tongue, quick-minded, assertive, a child of the people, suspicious, received all the headlines. Yet Mr. Harvey, who received very few when the sewer scandal was at its headiest, is now borough president and Mr. Klein is—well, where is he?

Of course Mr. Harvey did not stand a chance of election last fall for the borough presidency. He never has stood a chance. He didn't when he took seven men with him to bring back a couple of German machine guns on the Vesle; he didn't when he started to buck the G.O.P. organization in his borough. But elected borough president he was and already vague people are indorsing him for governor and forming Harvey Clubs. Has he a chance? No, he really hasn't, not this time, but don't bet too heavily, for he may fool you again.

—RICHARD F. WARNER

•

THE SEAL

Child of sleek slippery fins
Begun with such a vim
To be a loving daughter,
What strange perversity
Polished your shins
And left you in the water?
Out of your round, devoted eyes
Huge possibilities arise
For tea and toast.
But wavering extremities
Formed for fluctuating seas
Or chilly iceberg's rim
Deny this comfort's ghost.
Staunch feminine seal in yet another life
You, functioning as mother and as wife,
Shall oscillate a placid rocking chair
And on upholstered porches take the air!

—LAURA BENÉT

THE THEATRE

STET

IT was with what Commencement-orators refer to as "mingled emotions" that I took my seat in the Fulton Theatre (after having gone first by mistake, as is my invariable custom, to the Hudson, owing to an old-time confusion resulting from the Hudson-Fulton Celebration—the only remarkable feature of this vagary being that, if the opening is at the Hudson, I go first to the Fulton). For it was Mr. Cohan's "The Tavern" which was being revived, and "The Tavern" for me is teeming with memories.

In the first place, unless my corps of archeologists are cockeyed, I am, with Mr. George Jean Nathan (and possibly Mr. Kelcey Allen, of *Women's Wear*), the sole surviving reviewer who witnessed the original production ten years ago. This is a sobering thought in itself. I am sorry that I brought it up.

In the second place, I was, in a way, a party to breaking the news to the newspaper critics that "The Tavern" was not meant seriously. Being on a weekly paper I was able to ponder a little more maturely on the nature of the piece before writing my review, and, as I sat in my study with my head in my hands, it dawned on me that perhaps Mr. Cohan might have been kidding. The more I thought about it, the more convinced I was that there was something about this melodrama which did not ring true. And, with all that extra time at my disposal, I was able to express my doubt in words which marked me as an especially discerning fellow. I take no credit for this other than that due to anyone who elects to write for a weekly instead of a daily.

Next came the question of whether I was going to get as excited about "The Tavern" this time as I had ten years ago. (I must stop using that phrase "ten years ago." It depresses me.) I was a novitiate then, and easily excited. Would I be moved to jump up and down as I did in 1920 and hail Mr. Cohan as the greatest man in the world since Martin Luther? Or would I look back on the boy reviewer I was then with an indulgent smile and say "Youth, ah, youth!" It can easily be imagined what a state of mind I was in as I took my seat in the Hudson—or rather, Fulton—Theatre.

AS a matter of fact, I liked "The Tavern" better this time than I did then. Of course, this time I was not tortured by doubt. I knew that it was a burlesque and so did everybody around me. Some of them knew it a little too well. Some of them found subtleties which weren't there and were very anxious to have it known that they were not being taken in *this* time. During the first act, I was a little tremulous, I must admit. I had forgotten that it took so long to get into the swing of the thing. I had forgotten that it was not until the second act that Mr. Cohan's particular brand of bedlam broke loose. And I had forgotten that Mr. Joseph Allen came on so seldom in the first act.

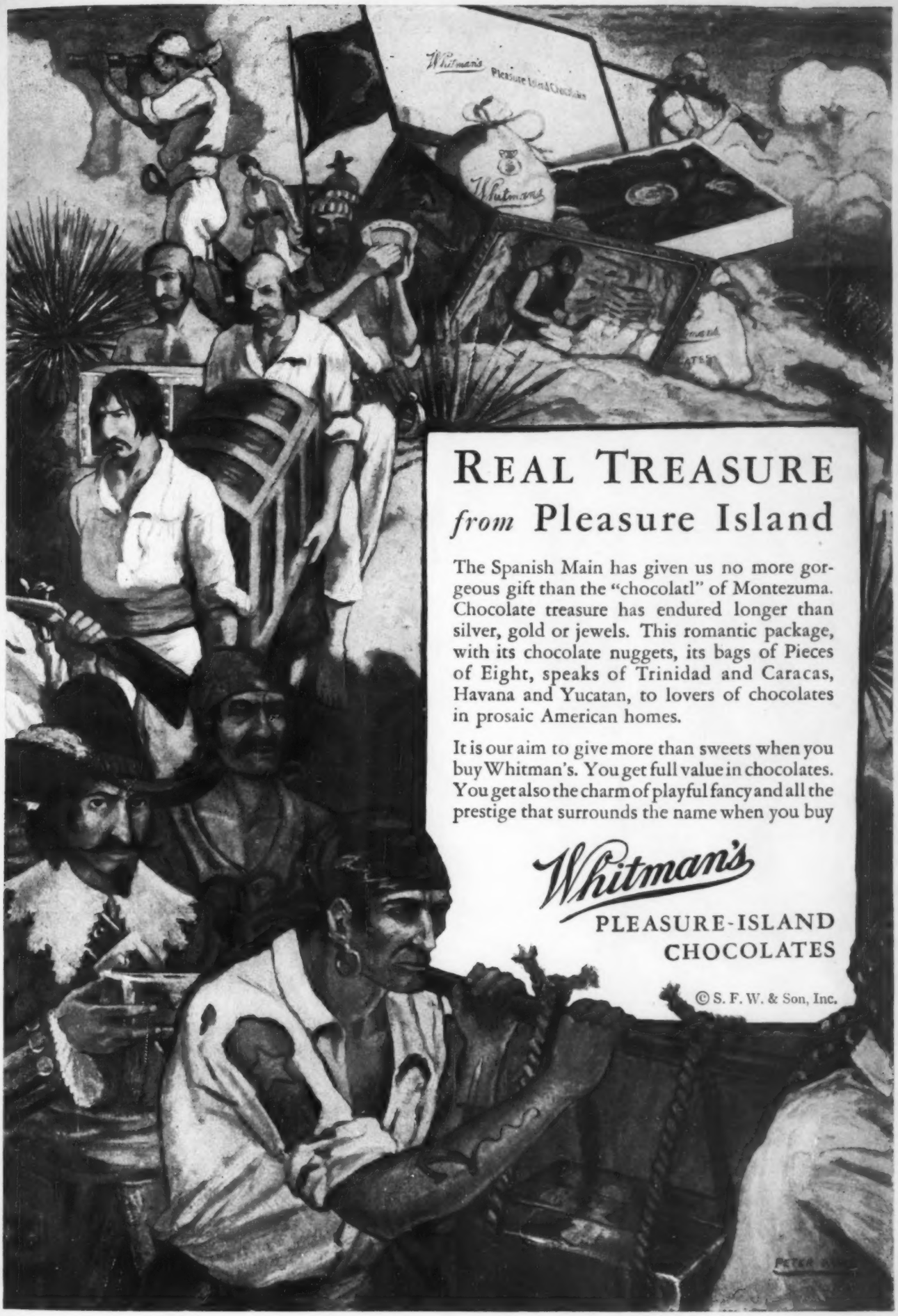
It is a funny thing about Mr. Allen's part. I venture to say that those who saw the play when it was first produced would swear that he delivered his now-famous line "What's all the shootin' for?" at least six times. As a matter of fact, it is said only once (maybe twice; I lost all sense of time). His other queries, "What are all the strangers doing here?" and "What the hell kind of a night is this, anyway?," occur much oftener, although with no more satisfactory answers. No one ever answers Mr. Allen, and, oddly enough, he never seems to expect an answer. He is content to typify Confusion as, I am quite convinced, it has seldom been typified before. From my rostrum as Assistant Dean of Play-Reviewers I feel qualified to say that, in the last decade, there has been no comedian who, simply by passing his hand over his face, could present such a picture of pure frustration.

Perhaps if Mr. Cohan himself, instead of the late Arnold Daly, had played the Vagabond in the original production, there would not have been so much (pardon me, Mr. Woollcott) obtuseness on the part of the critics. Mr. Cohan, having himself made the play absurd, feels its absurdity much more than Mr. Daly did. He takes the audience into his confidence and, with his practically incomparable personal electricity, makes it impossible for them to take the character seriously. When he steps to the footlights and delivers the speech on his passivity in the great Melodrama of Life, he takes on the transcendent quality of the Chorus in Greek tragedy. I realize that I am not a pioneer in saying that Mr. Cohan is one of the really great personalities in modern acting, but he has never demonstrated it more clearly than in his performance in "The Tavern."

The rest of his company fit in perfectly with the mood. Mr. Allen I have mentioned. Mr. Middlemass as the landlord, Miss Mary Philips as the "fainting woman" with a penchant for having been seduced, Miss Isabel Baring as the actually beautiful daughter of the Governor (Governor of what?), and everybody else in Mr. Cohan's team, behave in splendid fashion. We have had many travesties since the original production of "The Tavern," especially in the Rhineland across the river, now happily evacuated by the allied forces of Morley, Throckmorton, Malevinsky, and Driscoll, but this cast stands out as one which can take burlesque or leave it alone, safe in the knowledge that the only way to kid is to play straight.

If I seem to have taken up too much space in dealing with Mr. Cohan and "The Tavern" it is because I have written badly. Mr. Cohan and "The Tavern" deserve more space than I, or anyone else, could give them.

THERE can be no complaint about the space allotted to a farce-comedy called "Let and Let Let," or perhaps it is "Let and Sub-Let"—I don't know. A pleasant, mild affair, with the engaging Miss Dorothea Chard to trip through it, it had the misfortune to open on the same night as "The Tavern," as tough a spot



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from Pleasure Island

The Spanish Main has given us no more gorgeous gift than the "chocolatl" of Montezuma. Chocolate treasure has endured longer than silver, gold or jewels. This romantic package, with its chocolate nuggets, its bags of Pieces of Eight, speaks of Trinidad and Caracas, Havana and Yucatan, to lovers of chocolates in prosaic American homes.

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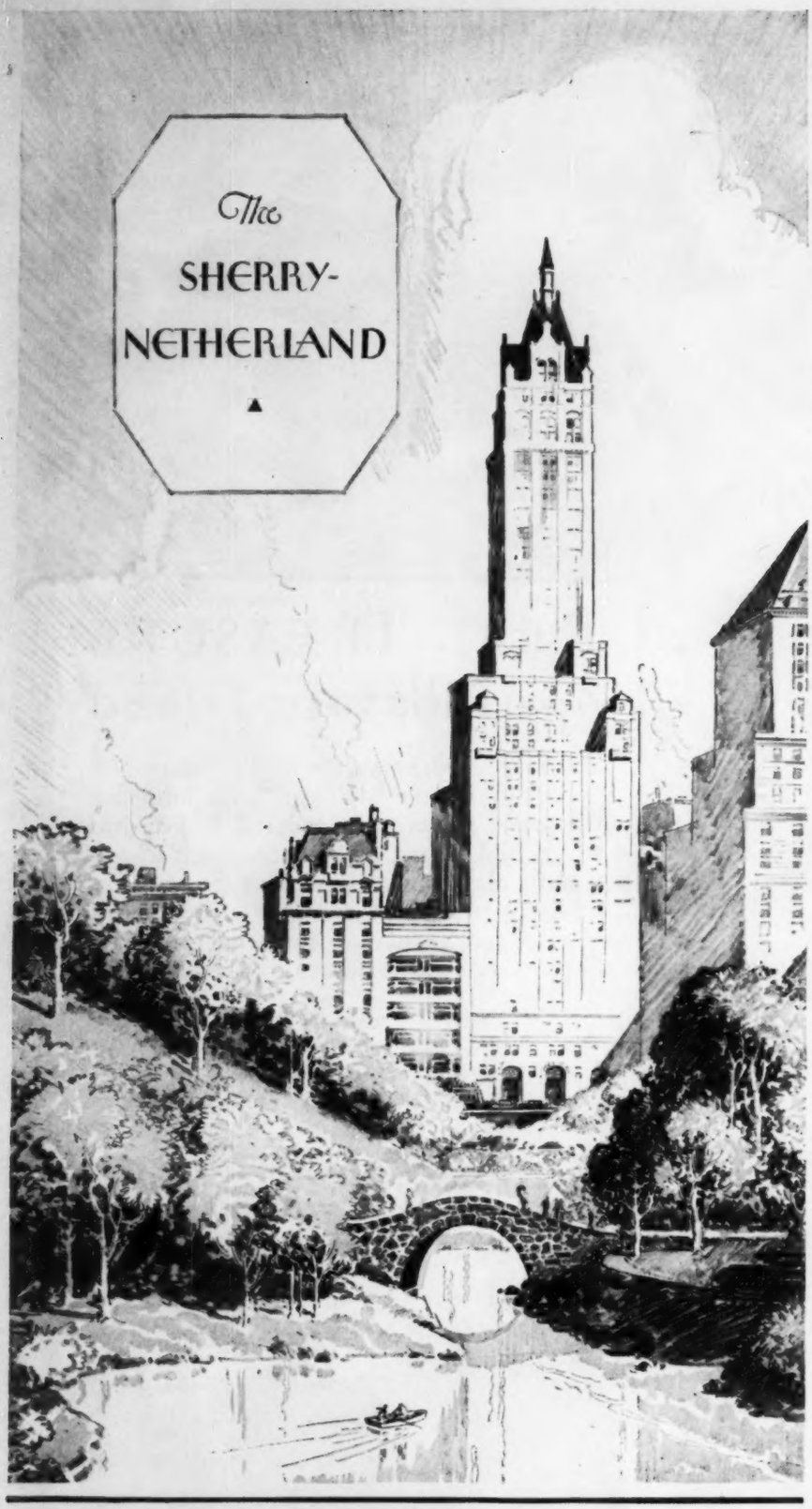


+ + IF YOU INTEND TO LEASE + +

Some short summer-term arrangements . . . as well as several fall-and-winter-season leases . . . are available in this tower residence. Charming private-home appointments with Sherry-trained service.

+

FIFTH AVENUE AT 59TH STREET, NEW YORK

as a pleasant, mild affair could have. Let us just say that "The Tavern" opened (and not cold) during the week of May 18 and that if, ten years ago, I nominated Mr. Cohan for President of the United States, I now nominate him for Governor of the International Bank with headquarters at Basle, Switzerland. Only Mr. Cohan must stay in America.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

STORIES OF TODAY

SOLICITUDE

Clarence Darrow
Urged that the reading matter
Of United States senators
Be carefully censored.

"We must protect
The immature mind,"
Mr. Darrow pleaded.

DISILLUSIONMENT

Rudy Vallée
Has clay feet!

At a dinner given
In his honor
By Gilda Gray,
It was particularly noted
That he consumed
Large quantities
Of corned beef and cabbage!

PROOF POSITIVE

Bishop W. T. Manning
Bitterly denounced
Rupert Hughes
For publicly declaring
That George Washington
Had never prayed
At Valley Forge,
As taught in the schoolbooks.

"Any day of the week,
Any of you may go
And *see* the spot
Where George Washington
Knelt and prayed,"
The Bishop declared.

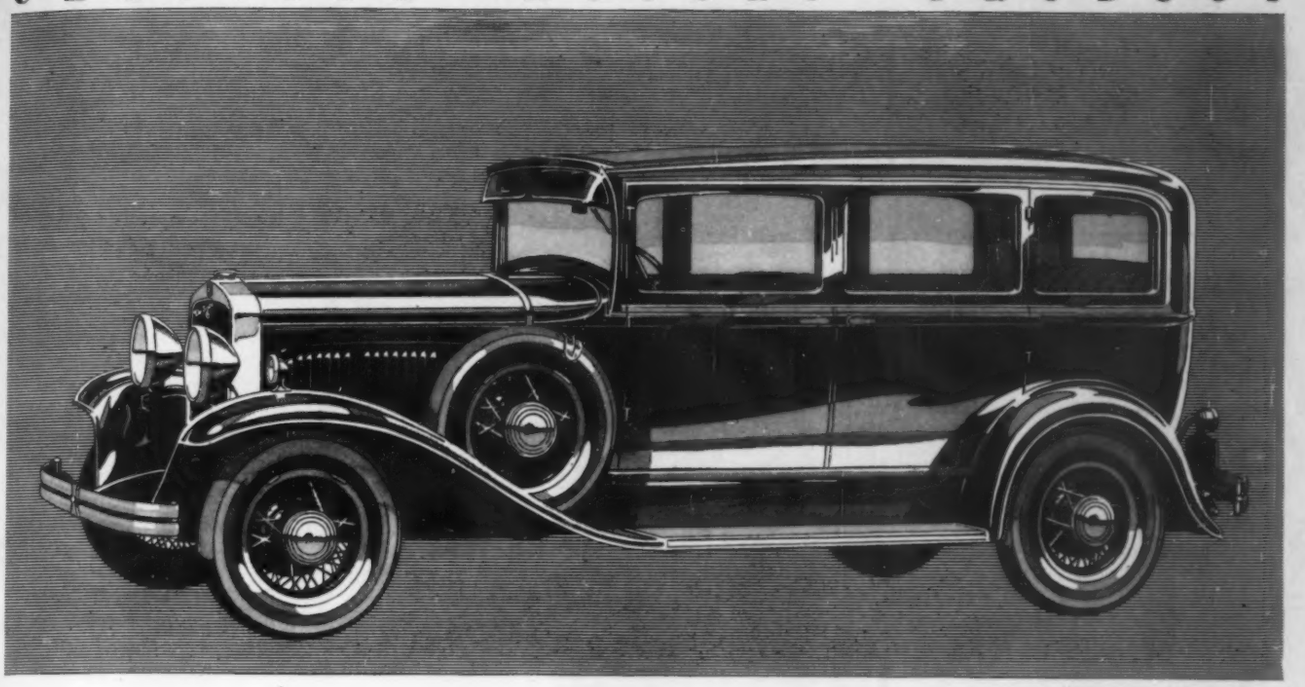
MORTIFIED

The good citizens
Of Chicago, Australia,
Have taken steps
To change the name
Of their city to Booth.

They apologetically explain
That they are ashamed
Of their namesake.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



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DE SOTO SIX
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GREAT PERFORMANCE

STEELWELD* **BODY**

***A new type of fine-car body construction—steel welded to steel—no joints—utmost solidity—a distinct advance in body silence, strength and safety.**

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This improved De Soto Six immediately sets a new record in six-cylinder value. ¶ At a lower price, it is even better than the original De Soto Six—the car which broke all sales records for a first-year car, and proved so eminently good that it continued its huge success for twenty-two months without a single change in design, engineering or price. ¶ For your own best interests, plain common sense dictates that you should let no one persuade you to buy *any* new car before you have examined the value and sensed the thrill of this improved, lower-priced De Soto Six.

KILBOURN MOTOR SALES, INCORPORATED
Sales: 1757-59 Broadway—*Maintenance and Parts:* 125 West End Avenue at 65th Street

SWEET AGE OF SOMETHING OR OTHER

[*From an editorial in the Evening Journal*]

Bootleg Civilization

The Picture Is Not Exaggerated.

"GOOD NIGHT, MRS. PARKER. IT'S BEEN PERFECTLY CHARMING."

(Notice the lady being carried out.)

This picture, borrowed from the sprightly New Yorker, is printed by that matter-of-fact and up-to-date publication merely as a matter of NEWS.

The New Yorker does not present this picture as a text for a sermon with any particular moral.

This is how things ARE, and therefore this is how they are shown.

The gentleman, husband or lover, it may be either, himself a little the worse for wear, is carrying out a young lady who has "passed out," in the language of the day.

He is telling his host and hostess what a wonderful time they have had, and is perhaps hoping in a dazed way that everything is all right, "genuine pre-war," and he won't wake up blind.

It is not necessary to add anything to this picture, except that sooner or later a nation that started out to END alcoholism will have to realize that it has ESTABLISHED BOOTLEGGING, and with it drunkenness among children, where it was unknown, and has founded an organization of crime such as never threatened the safety of any civilized country in the whole world.

This is a truthful picture of the United States in 1930 and of its bootleg civilization.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?*

DEAR MR. BRISBANE:

WE really don't mind having you reprint our pictures, even if they don't come out very well on ORANGE paper. We do mind, however, having you read meanings into them that aren't there at all. You say that the picture above shows a husband or lover (and frankly, Brisbane, we don't care for your use of the word "lover") carrying out a young lady who has "passed out," thus establishing drunkenness among children and threatening the safety of the civilized world. It seems to us that the whole thing has a little broader message THAN that. In justice to ourselves, as well as to your readers, we feel that we ought to tell you what was really on Mr. Aloe's mind when he drew it.

The thought back of the whole thing is that, on this spinning MUD-BALL, life is just a flash of consciousness in eternity . . . a brief candle. Today we are here, tomorrow—pouf!—out like a light. Cui, in a sense, bono? This conception of life came to our artist early one morning when he was taking an ex-mouse out of a trap. Calling a taxi, he drove rapidly and in a high state of excitement to this office to find out what we thought ought to be done about it. That PICTURE is our answer and his.

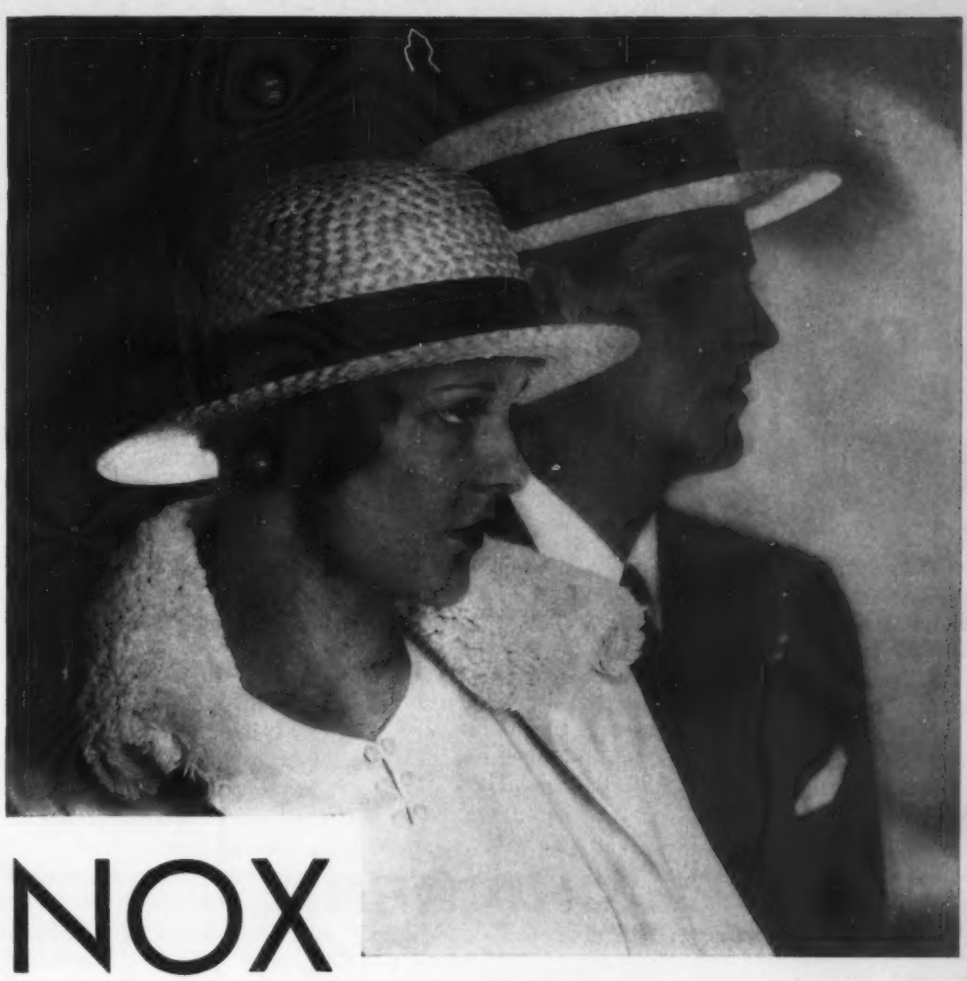
IT IS THE WAY WE FEEL ABOUT LIFE.

The gentleman supporting the lady, Brisbane, is a husband or lover only in the sense that he is the husband or lover of every one of us. He is Time. The young lady is Youth, and she has "passed out" in an entirely different sense of the word from that which you imply. She has simply passed out—AND BEYOND—the narrow, brittle round of pleasure in which she has been living into the cares and responsibilities of a Life of Service.

Perhaps she is going to become a wife and, eventually, a mother. PERHAPS SHE HAS DECIDED TO BE A MISSIONARY.

In the picture Mr. and Mrs. Parker, standing at the right, typify the Life of Pleasure. Snakes, Brisbane, in sheep's clothing. Mr. Aloe suggested to us at the time that his meaning might have been slightly clearer if the line under his drawing were CHANGED to read "Good night, Mother Goddam. It's been perfectly charming." We felt, however, that to certain people, notably the United States Postal Authorities, such a wording might convey a rather livelier idea of the Life of Pleasure than we had intended. Our own original idea was to label the CHARACTERS as I have named them to you—Youth, Time, Life of Pleasure, and so on—and put a general heading over the whole thing;

*WE LIKE IT FINE.



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is a sensible label in your new straw hat

Knox makes straw hats of exceptional merit, for men and for women. This art of making fine hats requires a meticulousness of quality and a thoroughness of styling which finally does cost more than ordinary hat-making. But you unquestionably get this extra cost back through this very perfection which is as surely a part of every Knox hat as the distinguished label itself. Truly this is sensible economy.

● (ABOVE) The Knox patented "Comfit" straw for men has an amazing softness and pliableness exactly where the brim touches your head. Priced from $6 to $10.

● (ABOVE) The new Knox straw sailors for women are startlingly smart. In a variety of colors for all sorts of town and sports events. They are priced at $10.

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ROOSEVELT HOTEL (Madison at 45th) • 161 BROADWAY (Singer Building)

Jellied Whole Chicken

Instantly Ready
Cold Slices, Salads, Sandwiches

JUST as you see it in the picture, you can instantly serve Hormel *Flavor-Sealed* Chicken jellied in its own juices. Simply chill, open and serve. Or, you can fry, broil, quick as toast.

A whole chicken, deliciously cooked in its sealed container —all the natural juices and flavors retained. Flavor-Sealed Chicken is selected, milk-fed, U. S. Inspected and Certified.

For the quick snack and the unexpected guest—be prepared—keep a package on hand. At leading food stores. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

HORMEL* Flavor Sealed CHICKEN
READY COOKED—MILK FED WHOLE OR HALVES

And This Summer . . .

Naturally, those in the know will prefer to go to . . .

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55 MINUTES

¶ Of course — ¶ Tri-motored, luxurious airliners with constant radio communication. Well-trained stewards, too. ¶ Regular daily schedule. ¶ The air route affords a view of Manhattan Island, Lakehurst, and the playground of the world. ¶ Better make Reservations well in advance.

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"Young America Comes of Age," or something of the sort.

We decided on the caption as it finally appeared because it seemed to us that the words "It's been perfectly charming" conveyed just that sense of the delightful but evanescent quality of the Life of Pleasure that we wanted.

To return to the picture, the rather bleak character on the left typifies, of course, the Life of Service, humbly and uncomplainingly bearing the burdens (those coats AND things in the picture) so lightly cast aside by frivolous youth.

The moral of all this is almost diametrically opposed to the one you deduce in your ARTICLE. It is that in a pinch we can rely on American Youth, for all its bobbed hair, and its cigarettes, and its casual talk about things that would have been taboo in the days when legs were called limbs.

As you yourself have often phrased it, LET'S NOT SELL AMERICAN YOUTH SHORT.

In closing we'd like to suggest that the next time you feel like writing an editorial about one of our pictures, you tell us about it first. That way we could have the picture drawn to fit in more or less with what you wanted to get at, and avoid confusion.

Sincerely yours,
THE NEW YORKER

•

A GENEROUS THOUGHT FOR THE WEALTHY

She owns a lengthy limousine
Of glittering and lacquered green,
The jewels of a Romanoff
(And quite a loose and bronchial cough).

She never worries over cash
Or dulls her appetite with hash,
She flaps from Rome to Monterey
And tips in such a regal way.

Her clothes are built by blueprint plan
In Paris, Lisbon, and in Cannes.
(Her legs are fat, her toes turn in,
Her hair is noticeably thin.)

She buys the last biography
And then avoids it craftily;
She's snooty toward the working class,
And winces at her looking-glass.

I wish I had the chance to show
The dear old doodle how to throw
A party (male and female gender)
And take her out on one swell bender!

—PATIENCE EDEN

4 . . Pick your Plane and go Aloft to learn that—

It's easy to Fly

LET the day be the kind for a pleasant drive—and your clothes the same as for motoring—then head for the nearest Airport. Step up to the sturdy ships in line. Look them over . . . huge Wright-powered all-metal transports . . . strong sky-going cabin cruisers . . . a great air yacht with 15 seats . . . tiny sky runabouts and sleek sport ships, whose metal frames have surplus strength four or five times beyond their need.

Pick a ship that's licensed by the Government, after rigorous structural and performance tests. Pick a pilot who's likewise licensed, after exhaustive tests on the ground and aloft . . . and, as experienced pilots do, pick a plane that's powered by Wright.

You step in . . . and find your seat is a little cozier than your car's. The motor purrs . . . you swing around . . . and roll up to the runway. Then still a mightier song from the Wright . . . and the grass streaks under your wings. Fast . . . faster . . . *faster* . . . until the ground lets go its grip on the wheels, and you see them spinning in the air . . . !

Except for those wheels, you'd never know the earth has dropped below! The zoom upward is like the pick-up of your car . . . the climb for altitude like riding in "second" up a winding grade—only it's infinitely smoother. The prodigious pull of the powerful Wright puts a mile between you and the earth. You level off . . . streak ahead . . . and are amazed that you feel hardly any motion.

Then you realize—as 3,000,000 air travelers realized last year—*that it is really easy to fly* . . . that it's not the *act* of flying, but the sheer *fact* of flying, which brings the magnificent surprise!

For the only signs of speed are the shadow that glides over the ground below, the song of your Wright motor, and the speedometer (which you think must be wrong) that shows 115 miles an hour! In a big ship you talk, have your meals, smoke if you want to, and stir about as you would on the train that creeps beneath you. Cool in summer, warm in winter—and no dust. Comfort such as you have never before experienced in travel.

Supreme confidence takes you. You're at home among clouds. Height gives you no feeling at all, for perspective is lost in the immensity of the landscape. And you've a sense of limitless freedom. *For in this new element of yours—the air—you rise above mere earthly Distance, and make friends with Time . . . Speed . . . and Space!*

Watch the pilot. He's as sure of himself, his Wright engine, and his ship as the chauffeur of a car. The control stick and rudder bar now prove as simple to operate as the gear-shift of an automobile. The ship responds truly and surely to his confident touch, and you see that it's easy to fly.

Returning to port, you circle about, then slowly start floating down. The field comes up . . . up . . . up to you . . . touches the wheels and the tail . . . and the plane comes smoothly to a stop. You alight with an urge to go up again. Do it! Again and again! And the next Wright advertisement—The Ship's Power Plant—will help you further toward the goal of piloting a plane of your own!

This is No. 4 in a series of Plain Talks on Flying. If you have missed any, write for booklet reprinting the entire set. Address

WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION

Paterson, New Jersey

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

CHEZ NINY

PARIS, MAY, 1930

WHEN, in one of his periodic revulsions against Europe, the smouldering Wythe Williams returned to the States in February, he brought with him the depressing news that our cherished Niny had retired at last, that the wanderer in Paris could no longer repair to the Butte Montmartre and eat superbly of the lobsters and chickens which she had so happy and so secret a knack for preparing.

Niny's restaurant was a shabby little hole in the wall on the edge of the swarming Place du Tertre—up there in the shadow of Sacré-Cœur, far beyond the belt of white lights and bawdy didoes which have made the name of Montmartre resound through the teeming purlieus of the American Express Company. She herself was born on that hillside in the calamitous year when young Dr. Clemenceau was Mayor of Montmartre and living was so precarious that the infant Niny's foster-mother—so they say—was one of the affable mares tethered in the distraught city during the siege. Even today her hair is roan in tinge.

In a moment of grandeur, she named her little restaurant the Vieux Châlet, although it could not properly be described as a châlet at all. Nor was it conspicuously vieux. It was, in fact, just a shack pitched thriftily on a bit of condemned land and vaguely suggesting such a châlet as Penrod might have constructed in the Schofields' backyard, with aid and suggestions from Herman and Verman. But behind that somewhat disheartening façade, at all times and in all weathers, there was good cheer. Such good cheer!

EVEN in fond retrospect, I would not pretend that the Vieux Châlet was ever a paradise for gourmets. It was never such a shrine, for instance, as that dreary little hotel at Chablis where—in a dining-room strongly reminiscent of the one in the Commercial House at Pipchin Falls—are served the viands prepared by one of the great cooks of our time. Indeed he is such a poet in the matter of sauces that you can see the gourmets of the world making single-file tracks for Chablis like an intent pilgrimage of ravenous ants. No, the Vieux Châlet knew no such mysteries. It was just a refuge of good, plain cooking.

But Niny could so choose a young chicken in the market and so prepare it with her own fair, or fair-to-middling, hands that, once having savored its incomparable tenderness, you would climb the hill again and again to knock at her door. And her salads! Just some crisp bits of lettuce, of course, but lettuce made mysterious by certain herbs, with which she would return triumphant from the market-place each morning, after sniffing critically around all the wagons, and infuriating the market-women by the tartness of her barytone comments.

Following the salad—but only after a portentous and irreducible delay of half an hour—she would serve the best cup of coffee to be had anywhere in France. Then, if you were an old-timer, she would emerge flushed from her spotless kitchen, smooth out her crackling white apron, light a huge cigar and draw up a chair, full of a jovial interest in the love life of her clients, willing to speculate indiscreetly about the fine young man with whom that little Madame So-and-So from Boston had been dining the night before, and lapsing, on the slightest encouragement, into anecdotes of singular rowdiness. On such occasions I have been amused to watch their effect on American matrons of bridling modesty. Bless them, I have seen these good souls, rather than admit they could not understand her French, laughing heartily at jests as rude as ever rocked a smoking-car.

IT was during the war that our countrymen first invaded the Vieux Châlet. A thin trickle of Americans—if your correspondent can, by courtesy, be so described—began then to seek the haven of its cosiness and the welcome of its good cuisine. In the lean times, Niny had some rascally way of serving butter, cream, and sugar when all three items could be obtained only from bootleggers.

I must admit that since the war, there has been rather a predominance of American patronage at the Vieux Châlet. Sometimes a passerby would catch the dulcet notes of John Charles Thomas, moved to song by the excellence of the table, or other notes which could be only the laughter of Mrs. Janis in sportive mood. Then, too, the ravishing Grace Moore has taken to dining there in her more picturesque moments. If memory serves, the rotogravure sections recently broke out in a rash of pictures showing the Pride of Jellico or La Moore (as the erotic French have it) dining at Niny's with old Charpentier himself. What luck, I thought, that a photographer just happened to be passing!

BUT all these invaders, though they came in such numbers that it grew impossible to get a table at Niny's without due reservation in advance, left the cooking as good and the place as pleasant. It was sad, then, to learn from the aforesaid Wythe of Williams that Niny—ailing, weary, and prosperous—had shut up shop and would serve us no more. If I strolled through the Place du Tertre at all the other evening, it was only for old times' sake anyway. I do not like to pass through Paris without once mounting the old Hill of the Martyrs at sundown, when you can see the magical city from the darkling slope of Père-Lachaise to the green of the Bois, spread out in a panorama of amethystine mist. When, as darkness settled and the lights began a-twinkling in a million windows, I picked my way over the cobblestones of the Place du Tertre, I peered through the window of the Vieux Châlet to see if it were boarded up, or whether, perhaps, some hatchet-faced, black-a-vised upstart were attempting to take over the trade.

At the moment, someone in the kitchen was bending attentively over the ritual of a Mayonnaise and the figure was strangely familiar. Of course, it was Niny herself. I might have known that six months of retirement would bore her intolerably. She brandished a wooden spoon in a gesture of welcome.

"Ah, ha, my old one," she boomed at me in French words to that general effect, "where the hell have you been?" —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

THE OARSMEN

Old Man Courtney — A Crew in Distress — Freshmen's Freak

A VISIT to the Cornell boathouse is very much like a pilgrimage to a shrine, for this unpretentious building is still dominated by the tradition set by Old Man Courtney. It has remained exactly as it was when the career of this most famous of all American college-crew coaches drew to its close. Ten years of Cornell classes have tramped over its boards since the July morning in 1920 when the Old Man suddenly pulled in his fishing line, rowed his skiff to the bank, left it more carelessly than he had ever left a boat before, and walked home to die. Yet, if you wander into the boathouse now at a time when there are no crewmen there, you feel that the place has not been used since the great days when Courtney was coach. There is about it the same atmosphere that clings to Colonial homes in the South which are visited now by school classes and tourists. All that is lacking is the droning voice of a guide.

ON the wooden walls inside are ivory-yellow prints of former captains, wearing the vast mustaches affected by the youth of their day. Here and there are banners commemorating past victories, the gilt letters peeling a bit. Upstairs in the workshop, hanging to the ceiling, and with the dust inches thick upon it, is a single scull made of paper, an old Waters boat. The Old Man used that. In a corner, leaning against the wall, is the long-handled pike he carried when he trudged up Fall Creek, a flaring torch over his head, to spear suckers. Near it are two delicate, beautifully balanced sculls. There is one bit of the wall with scribbled annotations in pencil on the bare wood. You can't read them now, but the Old Man figured something out there once.

The Courtney tradition even touches the slim flagpole in the backyard. Here, when the coach had been upset and had announced once more that he was resigning, would float signals for aid. You can just see the pole from the campus, high up on the hill. At such times one of the riggers would sneak

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Between dances . . . in Delhi

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Whatever your inclination for vacation enjoyment, you will find it here. A Donald Ross 18-hole golf course . . . horses from The Kirkwood Stables, Camden, S. C. . . . speed boats . . . tennis courts . . . water sports . . . fishing.

Repose or gaiety . . . social life or seclusion . . . come to this newest and smartest resort hotel of the North, on beautiful Lake George.

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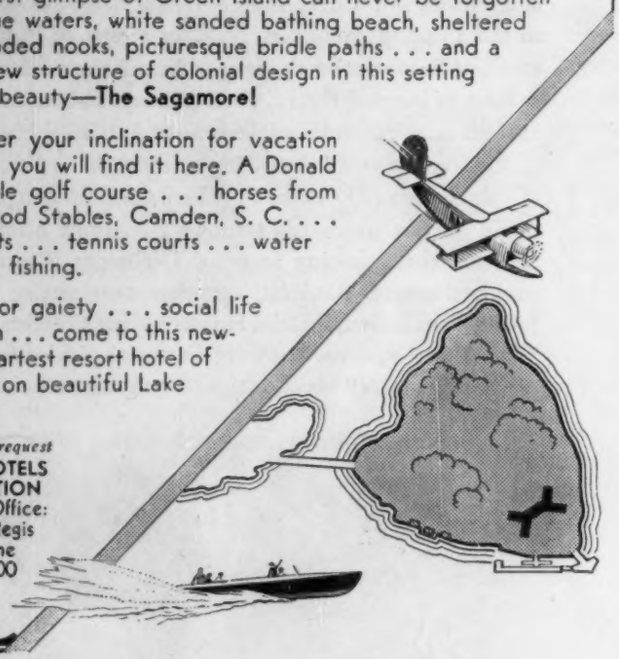

THE CHAIRMAN—*"Gentlemen, it's our last and only hope! We must tie a warning bell on every single Flit Gun in the country!"*

Advertisement

out the back door and haul the Cornell ensign to the pole's top, flying it upside down as a signal of distress. Presently the graduate manager would hurry down and soothe the Old Man again.

ROWING has existed at Cornell since the college was founded; and Charles Courtney was the coach almost from the beginning until his death. Cornell's isolation suited him well, for his was a tradition of hardiness, of rugged discipline, and of mystery, heightened by his passionate refusals to pose for photographers and his way of disappearing while a race was being rowed.

No college has had a greater past in any sport than Cornell has had in rowing. Under Courtney's régime, from 1883 to his death in 1920, Cornell won ninety-eight races out of a hundred and forty-six. At Poughkeepsie Cornell has won thirteen times. This is a valuable background, but it also has its drawbacks. It means that rowing is very nearly sacred at Cornell. It is only with a great deal of difficulty that the old grads can be convinced that times have changed a bit. Only in the past few years has an innovation survived the damning "Ah, but we didn't do it that way when the Old Man was here."

Neither Cornell nor any other college will ever have such a record again. There are more good crews now, and competition is stiffer. The best of the Old Man's eights would race at least evenly with the best of today, but most of them would have their troubles.

THE year's freak boat—each season seems to need one—belongs to the Princeton freshmen, apparently a first-rate crew. The shell is not exactly new, for it was built last year, but this spring it is being used in real racing for the first time.

There is a great deal of mystery attached to it. The names of its donor, of its designer, and of its builder have never been made public. The popular belief is that it was made by Davy in Massachusetts. At any rate, it is a weird-looking thing, lacking almost entirely the thin grace of an orthodox racing shell. Its forward and stern decks are each four feet shorter than usual, making its whole length eight feet less than that of the average shell, which is about sixty feet long. It is also a great deal broader and has a flatter bottom. Its enemies claim that this broad, flat bottom will create

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You see, there's no machinery to this most modern kind of automatic refrigerator. Not a single moving part to wear, to vibrate, to make noise. A tiny gas flame and a slight flow of water do all the work.

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Many models and sizes—$195 to $430 at the factory. You can see them at your gas company's display room, or we will send detailed literature, Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, Vanderbilt 5700, New York City.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

honeymooning?

be choosy... this may be your last one

WHEN "she" murmurs, "Your choice is mine deah" she's really thinking "Bet he picks on Niagara Falls or Atlantic City" . . . so be choosy. Do the swank thing—choose a spot out of the U. S. A., yet close enough to the home grounds to permit of a hasty retreat.

As long as you're in the clouds anyway, shall we put you down for a Honeymoon 8,000 feet high . . . in glorious Mexico City? Our Mexican Honeymoon Tour includes all expenses . . . sightseeing trips, hotels, transportation, meals . . . all the little details arranged for you. The rate? Only $237.00 up, per honeymooner, for 18 days.

Or would you prefer a jaunt in gay, happy, friendly, Havana . . . on the Prado, La Playa Beach, at the Jai Ali game? Here's a corking 10- 13- or 17-day trip to the famous Cuban resort, from $140.00 up (for each party to the deed) . . . with everything attended to . . . all expenses aship and ashore.

Whichever you choose, see your tourist agent, drop us a line at the office, or get John 1821 on the wire, and we'll send you our latest Honeymoon Cruise Booklet, just off the press, describing Mexican and Havana Honeymoons in full detail. And of course, we'll see that the best on the ship is reserved for you.

WARD LINE

Foot of Wall Street
New York City

too much friction on the water. Its friends say there will be no more than you get with a deeper boat. Even its enemies agree that it should be useful in rough water.

The Princeton freshmen defeated Cornell and Harvard in it the week before last, rowing steadily away with almost each stroke. The surface of Lake Carnegie had scarcely a ripple that day. The freshmen will use it again this weekend on another smooth surface, the waters of the Schuylkill, against Columbia and Pennsylvania, both likely to be the strongest freshmen crews that Princeton has met this year. Then, on June 14, Princeton will race the very fast Navy plebe boat on Lake Carnegie.

Princeton's varsities have not liked the boat, but the freshmen have used it ever since their first trial. Certainly, if they win all their remaining races, the boat, the crew, or both will have been proved to be above average, and it may be that these young men, as varsity material, will still be using their strange shell next year.

NOTES AND FOOTNOTES: Charles Whiteside, the new Harvard coach, never lost a race while he was rowing for the Duluth Boat Club—or while he was at Syracuse, for that matter. He was in the aviation service during the war and has taught school in Idaho and on the Pacific Coast. He coached at Syracuse before coming to Harvard. . . . Woodruff Tappen, Yale's present varsity stroke, has lost only two races in his career, and he has always rowed at stroke. The only varsity race he has lost was the one against California in the final of the Olympic trials of 1928. Last year his junior varsity crew lost to Columbia at Derby. . . . The majority of the Yale varsity squad are the sons of Yale men. Gus Blagden, the captain, is the son of the Gus Blagden who captained the 1901 crew and, like the boy, rowed at No. 7. In the junior boat is a brother, Joe Blagden; and Tom Blagden rows bow on the freshmen 150-pound crew. —R. F. K.

•

While Mrs. Cora Downey, of Washington, was putting clothes on a line a squirrel jumped up and bit her on the hand. Ferociously, the animal next made for her neck but was knocked down by a neighbor. Mrs. Downey and the squirrel were taken to the hospital, where an examination was made for rabies.—*The Pathfinder.*

Fair play, we call it.

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WHEARY
LUGGAGE
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for Women

IN Aviatrix, Geo. H. Wheary, foremost inventor of modernized luggage, provides for every travel need of the modern woman. Ingenious Dress-Holder packs 6 to 10 dresses *without wrinkles.* Ample space, also, for shoes, hats, lingerie, toilet articles, etc. Most ingenious travel case you've seen—and the most practical. The Dress-Holder not only protects dresses enroute but allows you to get at articles in body of case without mussing your dresses. Four practical sizes; variety of covering materials, including fine domestic and imported leathers. $10 to $100, at most better shops and stores.

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Public's Prints, a Journeyman Painter, and Some Ex-Revolutionists

AT the New York Public Library are two exhibitions of prints which will continue through the summer. One is the annual exhibit of recent additions to the Print Gallery and the other is the show of "Portraits in Lithography" which has been there for some time. Naturally the first of these lacks continuity and harmony. It leads from impressive plates like Dürer's "Holy Trinity" and Rembrandt's "Christ Preaching" to journalistic drawings, accompanied with prints, by Briggs, Webster, Kirby, Wortman, Ding, and Fontaine Fox.

THE Library's presentation in the American section stresses the modernist etchers rather than those of the older school, of which the late Ernest Haskell was a shining example. Haskell is represented here by work meticulously done and having a faint, perhaps a priggish, suggestion of lyricism. The older men considered their manners. The rules laid down for them as etchers were formidable; and they must have had small souls, or lacked hardiness, so little individual expression existed after the rules had been obeyed. With the modernists, as a reaction probably, this sense of right and wrong is wiped out. They are complete anarchists, busy expressing themselves, or something they believe to be themselves, with an ingenuous license. Fashion demands that artists be supermen, and one must add one's mite to the sum of human documentation. Shouting will work when the thought is too slight to be impressive when whispered.

This expressionist craze, however, for all its swashbuckling, lends a variety which the field of etching has long needed. There is ample proof here. Instead of a procession of gateways, antique façades, replicas of architectural masterpieces, and forests of ships' masts, instead of a world inhabited by weak ghosts who wander about in order to mark the scale of a building or to break the emptiness of a too great area of white, there is a gamut of sub-

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WITH this choice-quality, ready-cooked whole chicken, the modern hostess can prepare the most delightful dishes in a remarkably short time . . . Steaming-hot baked, stuffed chicken in 20 minutes! Fried or creamed chicken in less than 10 minutes! Tender, flavory, sliced cold chicken—or delicious sandwiches—almost instantly . . . Sold by leading food stores in the glistening glass container in which it was vacuum-cooked. Five convenient sizes.

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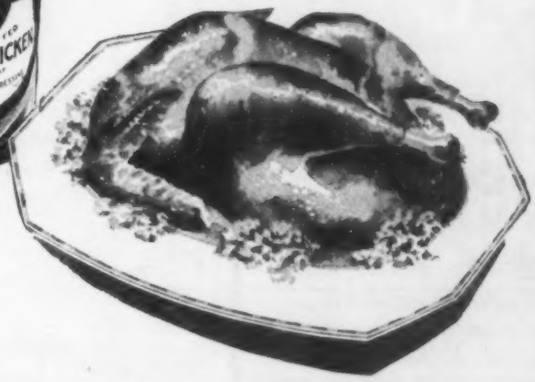

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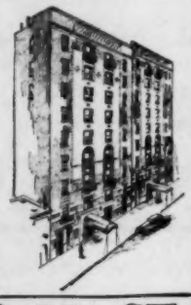

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ject-matter as large as in any other medium. Etching and lithography are looking up.

Among others represented are Picasso, Maillol, Rethel, a number of mystical Russians, Beckman, Franken-Pzn, McBey, Laboureur, Detwiller, Fiene, A. B. Davies, Kenneth Hayes Miller, and Vernon Howe Bailey.

AT the Downtown Gallery, until June 2, are water colors and drawings by Pop Hart, done here and there in strange corners of the world. Hart is an incurable wanderer, a journeyman painter, a man never happy when confined with the familiar. He is a really glamorous reporter rendering justice to the redolent flavor of the exotic places he visits, and never dwelling on the humdrum of life anywhere. That would, of course, be sure to escape his fresh eyes. It is difficult to believe that any of his reports dig very deep, do more than pile the vivid colors of his necessarily somewhat chimeric first impression upon each other. He has an instinct for finding romance, especially in southern countries. Some of these nooks of his are hot, populous, and, as he very ably suggests, filthy; but life in them is full and rich.

A NUMBER of canvases by the men who regularly exhibit at the Kraushaar Gallery are hung there to remain through the summer. Some of the pictures have been seen before in the past few years, but the collection as a whole so well represents a solid, settled, even a national phase of American painting that it is worth visiting. With the exceptions of Richard Lahey and Henry Schnakenberg, who are too young, these men were the revolutionists of yesterday, though they seem tame enough now to eyes become accustomed to the extravagances of those members of the modern French school whose names are badly pronounced in France itself. Among them are Shinn, Sloan, Luks, Glackens, Lawson, and Prendergast, who, with the now deceased Robert Henri and Arthur B. Davies, formed the group of eight American painters whose shows at the old McDowell Club, and then at the Macbeth Gallery, created more discussion of art than New York had ever heard before. —G. P. B.

•

LIVE WIRE STRIPS CLOTHES FROM ORGANIST IN STREET—*Headline in the Times.*

More a busybody than a live wire.

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PARIS SENDS THIS
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E. Jacobson

Would you know and follow the youth-keeping habits of the *haute monde* of the Continent? Then — *Lait d'Oesype* — and so to bed! For this one luscious liquid-cream cleanses thoroughly —nourishes deeply—satinizes beautifully. Smart women of Europe find that it does so.

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Obtainable in the smarter shops along the Avenue and throughout the States, at Maison Bertie, 6 Rue de Milan, Paris, and 695 Fifth Ave., New York where the Bertie *Petrosage* may also be obtained.

Sponsored by the Canadian Pacific

Perish the thought of perpetual packing...

come to the *All-Year* playground

LUCERNE IN QUEBEC

The J. Pumpington Farnsworths actually figured it up. Over just one year, they estimated (and quite accurately too) that 1414 precious hours had been consumed just packing. Think of that! Further research revealed that seven different times, an average of 5 hours apiece had been spent making reservations, getting tickets and travel information. Next, J. P.'s statistics show an unbelievable number of hours used in assuaging leery customs officials. And they were still determinedly, stoically following the seasons from watering place to winter resort. For J. P. is a sports enthusiast and Mrs. J. P. a chronic rest cure victim ... which is easily understood. But that was *before* they visited Lucerne-in-Quebec!

Well, you know the answer. A mutual sigh of unequalled content — but perhaps you haven't heard. Smart people from the world over, sophisticates, notables . . . all are unanimous in their choice of Lucerne-in-Quebec as a four-season-playground. Why? Because Lucerne has everything all year round. No need, any more, to keep perpetually on the jump.

Just 75 miles west of Montreal and overnight from New York—a setting of unparalleled beauty in the heart of the magnificent Laurentians. The discriminates will arrive July 1st for the opening of the new Log-Lodge Hotel. Fancy! A real Log-Lodge with every conceivable modern comfort. And sports! A swell golf course. Corking fine fishing and hunting. Riding, swimming, yachting, tennis, archery and what not. Grand winter sports, too.

But how about having your own log cabin in the woods? We'll build it for you (as simply or lavishly as you decide) whenever you're ready . . . and your expenditure may be spread over a period of years. Then you can enjoy these outdoor playthings to your heart's content, forever. With a homesite purchase, comes life membership in the Lucerne-in-Quebec Seigniory Club — and all its social and recreational privileges, without fees or dues. You'll do some smart country-clubbing at Chateau Papineau —now the exclusive Lucerne-in-Quebec Seigniory Club.

But that's not the half of it — it takes two marvelous booklets to complete the intriguing story of the Log-Lodge Hotel and the Lucerne-in-Quebec Membership Plan. Write for them now!

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

SUMMER FOIBLES

THIS time of year is hither-and-thither time with this department, which, what with spring fever and the sap running in the trees and all, cannot seem to concentrate sufficiently to spend more than ten minutes in one place. The following pithy paragraphs reveal the results of the week's peregrinations:

THE Idea of the Century (for this week at least) has been contributed by the Sutton apartment hotel for women at 328 East Fifty-sixth Street. During the hot months it will supply freshening-up facilities to weary women who have decided to remain in town for dinner and hate to hire a hotel room by the day for the privilege of taking a shower at six o'clock. Women from out of town may make the Sutton their summer headquarters, leaving a change of clothing checked on the premises, having mail, messages, and telephone calls received there, and paying a nominal fee for the use of a bedroom and bath when they want to rest, relax, bathe, and change for an evening appointment.

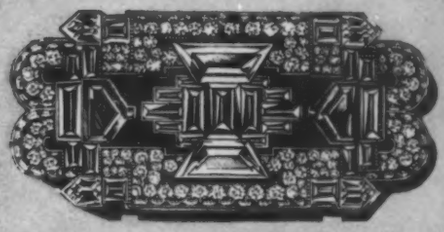
THE sports department at Lord & Taylor wish it known that they not only supply the needs of women vacationing in hot seaside climes but are making a specialty of considering the women who summer in the mountains or in Maine and need a touch of warmth added to a summery appearance. Their great feat is a collection of dresses and suits in very lightweight tweeds with pastel colors, the sensation being one by Mme. Vionnet. The dress buttons criss-cross, molding the waist and hips below a V-surplice closing; it is in pastel or white tweed with casual dark flecks woven in the material. Price, nineteen-fifty.

BEST is showing a collection of awning-striped shoes with flat crêpe rubber soles that may be worn in the water, on the sand, on the tennis court, or anywhere, and are much more becoming to the feet than the old-time sneaker. They look comfortable, with round toes and all, but shops have a way of sending up size three and those are no use to me. There is an oxford type, laced up the instep, at two-ninety-five; there is one with a broad band across the toe and a single strap; and one cut-out sandal on Mary Jane lines with a round toe and a single strap—the latter two at six dollars. Children may wear sandals of the same awning fabric that have narrow crossed straps over the toes, a heel, and that fasten by a single strap. Too silly.

SPEAKING of shoes, Saks-Fifth Avenue are showing some of the lightest-weight golf shoes (eight and a quarter ounces) that it has ever been my privilege to heft. These are made in Italy, of a heavy tweedish cotton material in natural color; the dark brown leather that is *de rigueur* for golf shoes forms a fringed tongue and goes, for a change, around the shoe next to the sole. They have a medium heel, a good arch, and crêpe rubber soles. For the beach-pajama racket, look at mules of Basque-striped cloth with square toes and a back-strap, for eight-fifty. Other odds and ends around this shop include those short-sleeved polo shirts and shorts of piqué, the new note being the stitching that adorns the deep yoke of the shorts. It is the kind, so I am told, that adorns men's shorts with a view to making tummies seem flatter than they actually are. Also, for people who motor from

"What do you think?"

PIQUANT CHARM!



Brooch with pentagon emeralds and baguette and emerald-cut diamonds

Clip with blue-white pentagon emerald-cut diamond

Little Clip Watch of baguette and round Diamonds with Emerald bead in center. Sapphire, Ruby and Emerald foliage.

Bracelet of emerald-cut Diamonds separated by Baguette Diamonds

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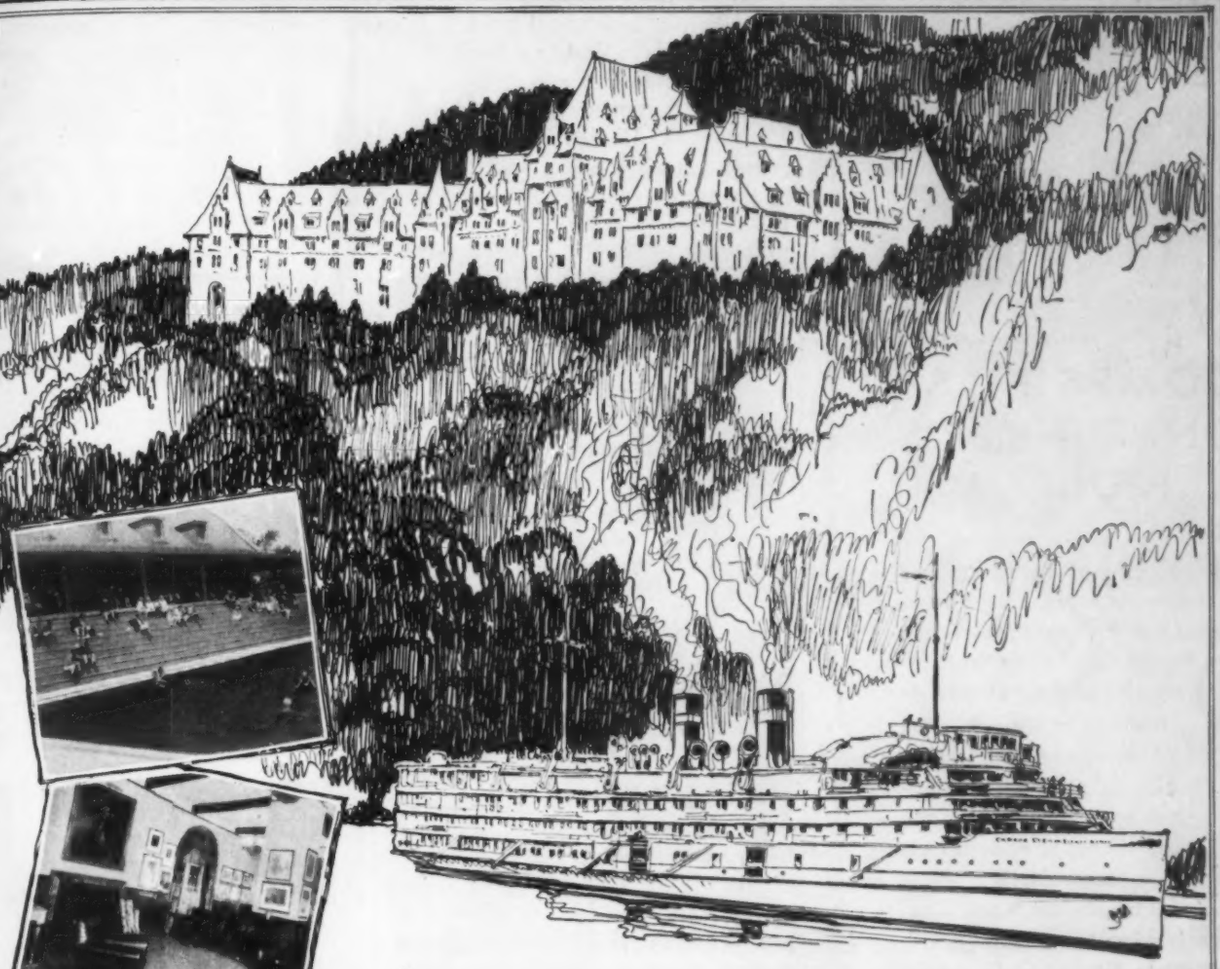
the beach to the house while their bathing suits are still damp—to the sorrow of the upholstery—there is a sleeveless belted coat of rubberized white satin with a shoulder cape. Practical though chic.

A NEW raincoat, which certainly doesn't look waterproof until you discover that a glass of water forms globules like mercury on its surface, is being offered by Peck & Peck for $25, and a giddy thing it is, too. It is of jersey with white flecks like small polka dots all over it. The coat has an inverted pleat in back, it is belted as casually as sports coats should be, and is buttoned in a double-breasted manner up to the collarbone if you like. In jockey-red, fleet-blue, plage-fleurie, and pastel colors, with a beret to match if you really want to cut a swath. Not for town, dears.

THE tweed-for-luggage vogue now seems to have been taken up in a big way, if McCreery is to be believed. They are showing sets of luggage in beige or gray-green smooth tweed, with a finish that is said to be waterproof. The suitcases are in four sizes, from sixteen to twenty-two inches, and cost from $7.50 up. There are wardrobe hatboxes and suitcases, and plain hatboxes at prices in proportion. Give me these in place of imitation leather any time.

HERE AND THERE: Stern is showing berets of pastel jersey, and big beach bags, with handsome natural-wood frames, selling at $4.95 a set. . . . Dorothy Gray has a salon in Paris for skin-parched voyagers this summer, at 34 Avenue George V, near the Champs-Elysées. . . . Olga Frances has opened a Little Deb Shop in Russeks, with tennis dresses at $10.50 and a vast assortment of casual summer frocks for town and country around $16.50. Catering, as it does, to sizes eleven to seventeen, it should be a boon to small women with small incomes. . . . Nonpareil Furs, Inc., a shop at 307 Seventh Avenue, specializes in repairing and remodelling fur coats (in case you don't remember where you bought yours), taking them apart, and fixing them inside and out. Out-of-town people who send measurements will receive from them a canvas jacket to be tried on for a fitting before work is begun—my idea of tender solicitude. . . . Have you seen those coy chiffon handkerchiefs, after Nowitzky, at Best? They have printed all over them, in contrasting



MANOIR RICHELIEU

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Pine Forests, Sunlight *and the* Tang of the Sea

THE scent of balsam and pine mingles strangely well with ocean blown air, and sunlight washes the great terrace of the MANOIR RICHELIEU with a Mediterranean brilliance. Salt water from the St. Lawrence River is warmed as it flows through the big outdoor swimming pool. Centre of a fashionable summer colony, the MANOIR RICHELIEU sets the pace for gay summer pleasures. In its luxury of appointment, its cuisine and service it is a metropolitan hotel. In its surroundings, the quaint and beautiful country of lower Quebec—which merges into a wilderness of purple mountains to the north—it becomes a Seigneurial chateau.

Here is found weather for the enjoyment of all outdoor sports at their best, from golf to galloping. *en-tout-cas* Tennis Courts afford fast play. Or you may simply bask in the sun, and your appetite becomes ravenous and the chef is happy.

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Had we your name and address we would mail you an attractive booklet telling you all about this charming foreign but near-at-hand place, and this interesting hotel.

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The Manoir Richelieu Golf Course is considered one of the most beautiful and sensational eighteen holes in the world, set amid gorgeous scenery. Golf tournaments for men and women, as well as other sports events, will be week-end features during the Season.

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Murray Bay is singularly free from the conditions which cause hay fever. We shall be pleased to mail you leaflet dealing exclusively with this important subject.

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MR76

BEAUTY

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

COMES FIRST ON SUMMER'S PROGRAM

GOLFING, tennis, bathing, motoring—these are vacation's scheduled pastimes. Yet Beauty comes first on the summer program . . . Now, when fashionable New York is packing to go away, there is a special influx of smart women into the Helena Rubinstein Salon. Many of them are making appointments two and three times a week—in their eagerness to complete a whole series of beauty treatments before leaving town. Others are content to take a single "lesson treatment" that they may learn the simple, effective technique of self-applied beauty care. And numbers of women who come for advice, jot down a comprehensive little list of the correct preparations for summer which they may purchase either at the Salon or at a favorite shop.

Helena Rubinstein

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color with a very modern effect, dashing phrases such as "What's your hurry?," "Hello," or, in a simple, direct fashion, "I love you." For $1.95, with the sentiment thrown in. . . . Frances R. Wellens, 648 Madison Avenue, specializes in Lucky Monkeys of the see-no-evil type, hand-carved of natural soapstone. You can have them to attach on light or window-shade cords, for bookmarks, keyrings, favors —almost everything.

And for the second week running, the words "swell" and "grand" have not appeared in this column. It was agony, but, first thing you know, we'll have a vocabulary around here.—L. L.

AS TO MEN

Light Luggage — Files and Passports—Raincoat —A Service for Suits

THE restrictions of airplane travel have caused luggage-makers to exercise their ingenuity in reducing the weight of suitcases. For instance, some of the cases at Saks-Fifth Avenue are equipped with aluminum hardware instead of brass; the reduction effected is not startling, but I suppose each ounce counts, and at least this shows effort in the right direction.

ARTHUR GILMORE, 16 East Fifty-second, has spent the winter juggling the weights allowed by air lines with the weights of the clothes necessary for a short trip, and the weights of suitcases that are stronger than cardboard boxes. He has evolved a twenty-two-inch leather-covered case that weighs only six pounds. The principal saving was achieved by the use of balsa-wood on the top and bottom. The sides are made of basswood, which is strong enough to take the strain of hinges and handles. Made to order, the suitcase costs $45.

Extending his weight-lessening activities, Mr. Gilmore built a wardrobe trunk that is five pounds lighter than any I have seen. I don't mean to imply that it is light enough to tempt you to carry it up a flight of stairs, but it is an improvement on the old kind that used to require the strength of two men to move it. All the fittings of the Gilmore trunk are carefully chosen; the drawer-pulls, for instance, are made of leather instead of metal, so

GOT A PENCIL HANDY?
-LETS BUILD AN AIR-CASTLE ABOUT EUROPE!

Make a list of the places you want to see . . . and that's all the work you'll need to do on the whole trip, except step up the gang-plank! The Travel Guild will buy all necessary tickets at regular tariff rates . . . make all hotel reservations . . . plan sightseeing programs . . . take care of baggage. You'll have *all* your time in Europe for pleasure and sightseeing, without a moment's worry as to travel arrangements. Go independently or on one of our all-expense, personally conducted "House Party Tours" by motor $395 to $1007. Ask for our Booklets 'E30' and 'JA'.

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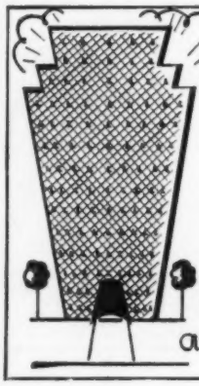

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a residential hotel for women
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Summer Rates
Every room a living room.

that they won't rattle with the motion of a ship or a plane.

Of course the trunk I saw was a model. All the luggage sold in this shop is made to order, and you can indulge yourself in any whimsy. One man has ordered a trunk forty-six inches long. It seems he is six feet tall, and has never been able to find luggage long enough to accommodate his trousers laid out flat. Another man brought in a suitcase worn beyond repair. He said he had developed a sentimental attachment for it, and asked them to make a duplicate. The workmen were busy on the job when I was there, and Mr. Gilmore was happy because he had just found some linen which exactly matched the old lining.

Another reason this shop deserves a place in your list of useful addresses is that repairs are undertaken cheerfully and the work is done thoroughly whether the luggage was made there or not.

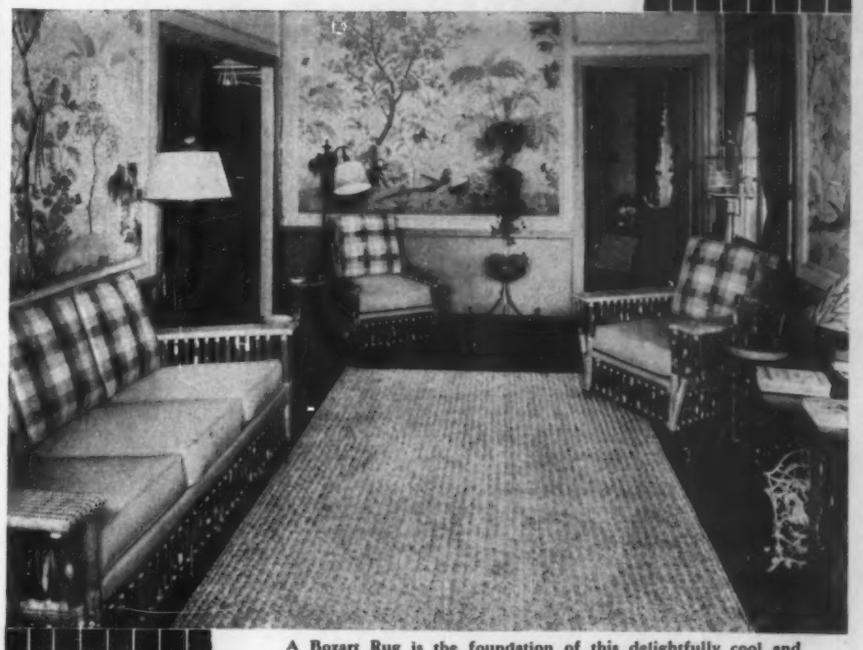
AT Saks Fifth-Avenue they agree with me that a man who travels in any kind of style is foolish not to take a trunk with him. Of course a sightseer, visiting seven countries in as many weeks, will find even a small suitcase a dreadful burden; but if you plan to take off your hat and stay a while, in London for instance, you'll need your tail coat, your dinner jacket, several lounge suits, and possibly your morning coat, besides the accessories that complete these outfits. You can pack all these things in a small wardrobe trunk which you can check on trains. It's a better plan than trying to worry along with several suitcases, and travelling in constant fear that someone will steal one of them from your compartment while you are in the diner. Suitcases are stolen that way frequently enough.

In Saks-Fifth Avenue they have wardrobe trunks that weigh only fifty pounds. Their height of thirty-six inches is sufficient because it allows a jacket to hang full length; and trousers have to be folded over a bar in any wardrobe trunk. There is a pocket in the bottom for shoes, and the suits are protected by a curtain which contains a laundry bag closed by a hookless fastener. The covering is brown canvas with a pinhead pattern.

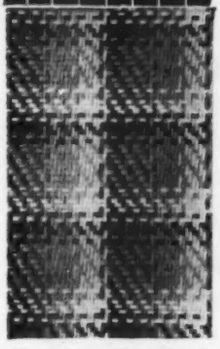
The Aviator, a wardrobe suitcase made by Wheary, is distinguished by the fact that you don't have to be an engineer to pack it. The hanger arrangement clamps in the cover, making it easy for you to get at the things

IT'S EASY, SMART AND SENSIBLE

TO "SUMMERIZE" YOUR HOME



A Bozart Rug is the foundation of this delightfully cool and inviting room, furnished through the courtesy of L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis. The furniture upholstered in Bozart Fabrics is a product of Old Hickory Furniture Co.



Have *You* Examined Bozart Fabric?

Bozart Fabric is a new and lovely material of many charming uses. Its composition is the same as that of Bozart rugs, but the Fabric is specially treated to render it softly pliant, without detracting from its sturdiness. Bozart Fabric is being used cleverly for permanent upholstery (as shown in the illustration), and for slip covers, drapes and wall coverings. Ask your decorator about Bozart Fabric.

A Practical Testimonial

C. W. Patton, Vice-president of Old Hickory Furniture Company, writes "This suite is very inviting, has attractive color combinations and one of the best covers we have seen on Hickory Furniture. It tailored perfectly."

NO longer is the home of taste furnished in the selfsame way the year around. It is "dressed" to suit the season—heated in winter and cooled in summer. ● Fortunately, it's easy to "summerize" with a foundation of Bozart rugs. You have only to visit your favorite store and choose the rugs you require. But make sure they're Bozart, for Bozart rugs can promise you the charm of color and design, the long wear, the ready cleanability, the sun and rain resistance that you rightly expect in fine summer floor coverings. ● You'll enjoy the permanent difference they make in the summertime atmosphere of your home. And of course the savings you accomplish, through taking up your costly winter rugs during the hot months, will help you buy your Bozart rugs. ● If the shop of your choice cannot serve you, communicate with the Bozart Corporation, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RUGS BOZART FABRICS

JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

RESORT WEAR

Gabardine Sports Coats in a new shade of green with a grayish cast will be much in evidence this season. The jacket sketched was tailored to our specifications from fine imported gabardine and styled in the fashion preferred by sojourners at smart resorts. It has trim belted back and smart patch pockets.

FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS

Trousers of white doeskin flannel with rather full draping are favored for wear with this jacket.

TWENTY DOLLARS

FIFTH AVE. AT 43d STREET
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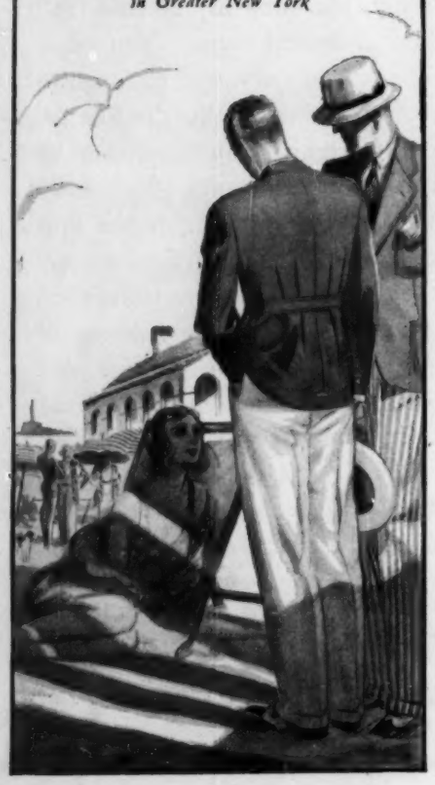
And other easily reached shops in Greater New York



in the body of the case. An assortment of leather trunks to match it have been made by Wheary especially for Saks-Fifth Avenue. They are very smart with their rawhide bindings and brass fittings—and don't let anyone tell you that this leather is heavier than canvas.

MARTIN & MARTIN, the saddlers at 45 West Fifty-seventh, make most of their luggage to order, but they have samples to show how clever they are in thinking up conveniences for travelling businessmen. One small case is a complete filing cabinet, index and all; another is ingeniously equipped to hold writing materials as well as toilet articles. These business appliances may all be removed, and pleasure equipment, quart size, packed instead.

We recommend to travellers the wallets of polished pigskin which have pockets for your passport, your tickets, and your travellers' cheques, allowing you to keep all your worry in one pocket. Of course it will be tough if that is the pocket that's picked, but you should learn to be careful when you are away from home.

THE only connection I can think of between luggage and tailors is that you should have your suits cleaned before you pack them, whether in a suitcase or in cedar bags, for the summer. This brings us, by a somewhat roundabout route, to Vroom, the tailor at 697 Fifth Avenue. Vroom not only makes good clothes, but he takes care of them as long as they last. When a customer wants a suit cleaned, he doesn't have to send it around the corner to have it stretched out of shape; he takes it back to Mr. Vroom, who has it cleaned, and then sees that it is pressed back into shape by the man who did the original job. Such service ought to make you go right in and order a suit. The average price is $160, which should be no bar to a man accustomed to pay a good price for his clothes. The fabrics are imported, and among them are some patterns not found elsewhere. —G. McC.

•

MENU FOR A SUPPER. Dear Mrs. Lee: I am a young man. Girls are having a supper and I am on the committee for the food. We want an inexpensive but good meal and don't want to pay over 25c for it. What do you suggest?—*Question column in the Cleveland Press.*

We suggest you get off the committee.

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THE GIRL WHO HAD BEEN PRESENTED

SIMULTANEOUSLY, as though they had rehearsed it, the young ladies reached in their purses and pulled out packages of Lucky Strikes. They smiled as they offered each other cigarettes, and smoked their respective own. There was a moment of silence while two minds groped for a topic. Nellie won.

"Did I tell you about New Haven? No, I didn't, did I?" she said.

"No," said Kit. "When were you up?"

"Boat races," said Nellie. "Phil Clark asked me. I just about got there in time for dinner Friday night and then of course we went dancing. Awf'ly good orchestras this time. I forget who they were, but they were awf'ly good, and I had a grand time except for one person. A movie actress.

"She wasn't anybody you'd ever heard of, like Betty Blythe. I was at Princeton a couple of years ago when Betty Blythe was there and she was a sweet little thing, but this one has just got sort of prominent since the talkies. Just a little nobody. She had been on the vaudeville stage and I don't know how this Ned Fensterman met her. He's the boy that asked her, and he's always meeting queer people and I guess that's how he met her.

"Well, at dinner Friday night I didn't know who this actress was, of course. I thought she looked vaguely familiar, but I thought maybe I had seen her on a train or something. You know the way you remember faces that way. I wasn't very near her but I remember thinking almost the first thing that her table manners were just too I don't know. Impeccable. She didn't do a thing wrong, and of course anybody that's sure of herself does something wrong about table manners some time or other.

"SO that's what I first noticed about this actress. I even forget her last name. Her first name was Mary. In Daddy's time it would have been Babette or something like that. Anyhow this Mary had absolutely the most beautiful stiffest table manners I ever saw. I could see her looking sort of horrified at a German boy that ate the way they do on the Continent. Continental fashion. Naturally he ate meat with his left hand and bent his fork down, and this Mary What's-Her-Name was just aghast at that.

"Oh, and another thing. As usual

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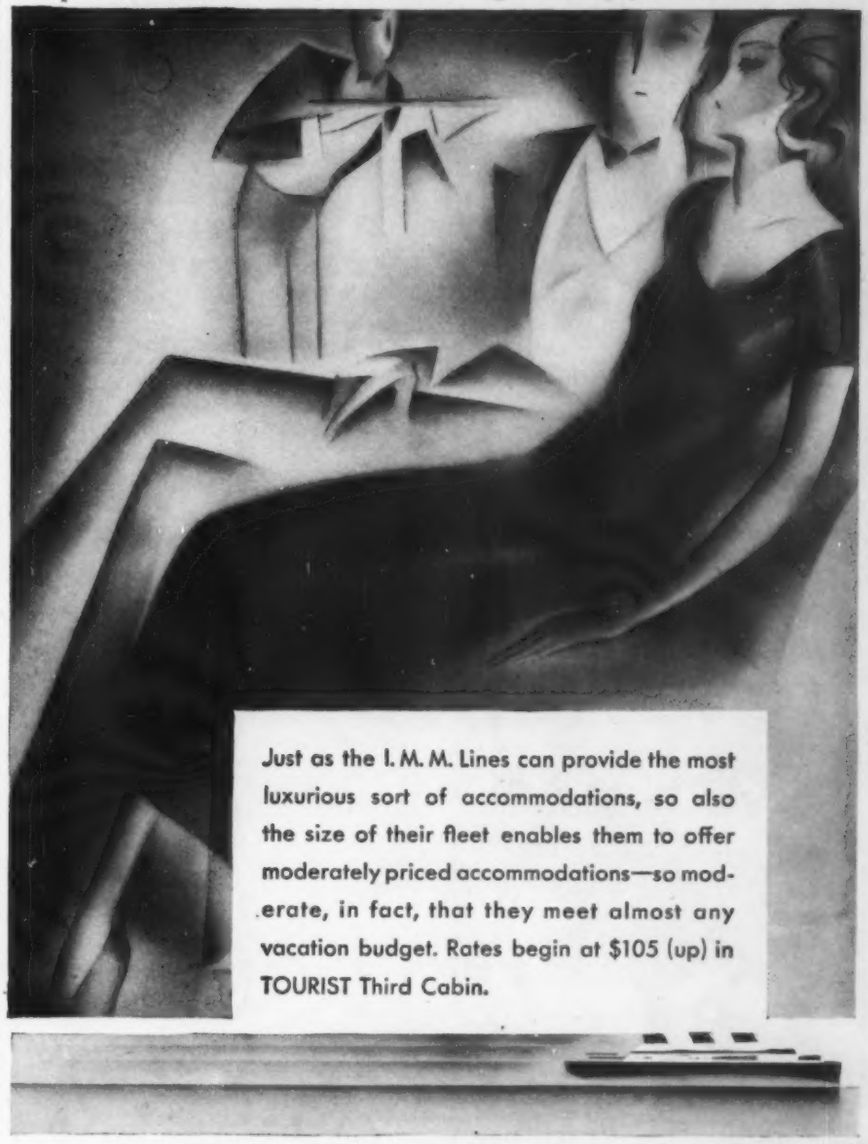
The service on **White Star, Red Star** and **Atlantic Transport** liners is superbly thoughtful of your well being in every particular.



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[THE SURPRISING MOMENT]

When you discover that the man whom you have slapped familiarly on the back is not your old friend Chuck Smith of Boston "partez d'un éclat de rire" (laugh it off).

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I was bluffing through the forks—I never am sure, and nobody in the world could teach me in a hundred years—and got a wrong one. At least it wasn't the same as everybody else had. And this terrible little person saw me and smiled. Believe it or not, Kit, she was putting me at my ease! Really! She had taken the right one, but when she saw I had the wrong one, why she took the wrong one too, the way Napoleon or King George or somebody did. You remember that story about how somebody at some royal party drank out of his saucer and immediately this king drank out of his saucer, and that's what this actress was doing for me!

"WELL, that was bad enough, but she kept it up, that sort of thing. So that night when I couldn't endure it any longer I got Ruthie Brindle to ask me all about being presented. We had it arranged so she'd ask me when this actress was there. And what a perfectly grand story I told. Oh, it was marvellous. And of course I emphasized how I could have been presented last year and the year before, but Father told the people down in Washington that he didn't want to take me out of school, and they'd have to wait. That's really true, Kit, at least partly. I mean Father could have had it arranged two years ago but didn't till last winter.

"Well, that moment was worth all the trouble and expense of being presented, the way that little nobody just curled up or sat up and got—well—*respectful*. It was just too delicious. And I did it in my most offhand way, too. Honestly, Kit, the effect that story had on this person was one of the big moments of my life. I really wouldn't have been surprised if she'd have brought me my breakfast in the morning! Of course she didn't, though.

"It just shows what kind she was. The spiteful thing. Next day she changed her tactics and tried to make Phil, but of course who cares about Phil? I know I don't, and if his family ever found out he's playing around with her, he'd have *his* hands full. . . ." —JOHN O'HARA

•

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mendsen, Mrs. Titus, and Mrs. Brader, motored through Promised Land and the Poconos on Sunday.—*Palmerton (Pa.) Press.*

Where milk and honey and hot dogs flow.

YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

Ratsey Sails and the Progressives — Shirtsleeve Racing — Alibis Afloat

OLD Tom Ratsey, of Southampton (England, not Long Island), probably knows more about yachts and sailing than most men of his age. For generations the Ratsey family has been making sails in England and America—other places too, I suppose. All the sails of the defence yachts are Ratsey; most yachtsmen swear by the name. King Edward VII, looking over a Cowes regatta, is said to have commented: "Those sails are like the family that made 'em." "Puffed up?" suggested a friend. "No, swell," replied the King, laughing. It was a new Americanism, just imported, and he was rather proud of it. Anyway, whether the story's true or not, English royalty has always thought a great deal of Ratsey.

This seventy-five-year-old sailor, Tom Ratsey, has just written Clifford D. Mallory, president of the North American Yacht Racing Union, to point out that there were Marconi-rigged boats in the fifteenth century. He sent along a snapshot of an old picture, showing Genoa harbor in 1493, to prove his point. It was rather a shock to those who thought the America's Cup yachts were the last word in up-to-date rigging. On top of that, Ernest Ratsey, of the American branch of the family, suddenly appeared on the Sound in an old-fashioned cruising cutter, called the Golliwog, modelled after an English cutter of Tom Ratsey's and built with utter disregard of modern yachting lines. All of which somewhat upset the ultra-modern progressives, who have been clamoring for the latest improvements in rigging and design.

IT looks as if the veteran 6-metre boats are going to have a hard time in the Sound championship races this season. In both the Larchmont and the American Yacht Club tests, the new boats had a decided edge on the rest. Briggs Cunningham's Lucie, fresh from Riviera triumphs, was beaten by two of the newcomers—the Ripples

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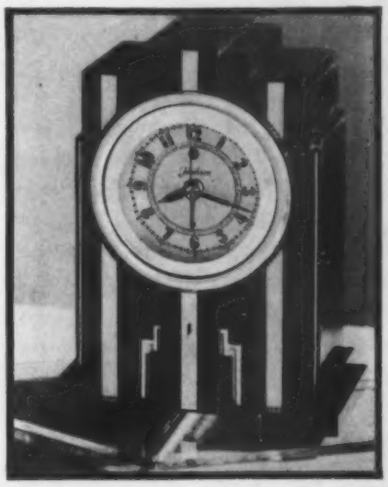
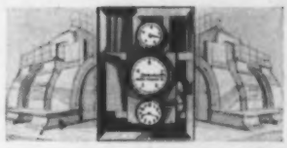


ABOVE: CATHEDRAL. *Gothic design. Bakelite case with mottled walnut finish. Three-inch silvered dial. Height 7 5-16". Price* **$9.95.**

ABOVE RIGHT: ELECTROLARM. *the modern alarm clock. Moulded case in walnut, green or ivory. Three-inch gold-finish dial, illuminated by tiny Mazda lamp. Price* **$25.**



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Tribal Tales of the ALGONQUIN

Brillat-Savarin or some one of these de gustibus *boys once said that in order to get the best flavor out of a cup of coffee you should put the cream in* first. *You can do as you darn please here. We've seen to the flavor ourselves.*

No. 4

Bob Sherwood and His Anniversary

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD the author of several plays including such hits as "The Road to Rome" and "The Queen's Husband" first met his wife, the attractive Mary Brandon, at The Algonquin. Not so terribly long after that first meeting they found themselves (not by chance this time) at supper at The Algonquin. The conversation on this occasion was extremely private for when they arose from supper Mary Brandon had promised to become Mrs. Robert E. Sherwood, which she subsequently did. One year later the Sherwoods paid a romantic supper pilgrimage to that very table. As they sat there chatting reminiscently, Rex Beach happened in and came over to say Hello. Somehow or other the Sherwoods confided in Rex Beach just why they were sitting at that table on that date at that hour. To their surprise, Rex was keenly amused at the news. Before the Sherwoods had time to ask Rex what made that so darned funny, he explained that it was at the self-same table that he and Mrs. Beach had signed up for the duration a dozen years earlier.

Next "BOB BENCHLEY and The Towels"

P.S. When you take a room at The Algonquin it is *not* like living at home. Gosh no! You get comfort, service and none of the restrictions of home life.

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and the Meteor. The Meteor attracted considerable attention by her performance, for she came in first at Larchmont and second in the American Yacht Club race. She was designed by the youthful Olin J. Stephens, who until now has never had one of his boats in open competition on the Sound, although his Thalia raced at Bermuda. If she can keep up the pace, the Meteor should be a strong candidate for the Scandinavian Gold Cup race on June 24.

An unusual number of 6-metre boats showed up for the tryouts, considering the early season—nine at Rye and twelve at Larchmont. The Larchmont race was postponed a week, because of strong northwest winds which made it impossible for the Oyster Bay boats to attend. They ventured bravely out several times, but were forced back to cover by the gale—a forceful reminder that 6-metre yachts, even with heavy-weather sails and two reefs down, are not pilot boats. When the race finally did take place, it was started from inside Larchmont harbor and was not an unqualified success. The wind blew fitfully from the wrong direction and died completely at certain times. After beating to windward as far as Parsonage Point, the contenders found it necessary to beat all the way back to the finishing line. Naturally there was a great deal of grumbling and perhaps the feeling that this preliminary event was no test of what the various boats can do.

DESPITE squalls, however, shirt-sleeve racing is now starting in earnest. Sherman Hoyt has adopted his smoked glasses for the season, and a lot of those little white hats with green brims are beginning to replace salt-encrusted yachting caps. A golf cap worn backward, while not fashionable, is very convenient indeed, since the inverted peak acts as protection against the cold water that comes pouring behind your ears on windy days. The Sound is sometimes as calm as the Caribbean and as treacherous as the Channel. Certain days the water is like slate—unruffled, gray, a monotonously flat expanse. Then, just as you've decided to drift back to the club and yawn away the rest of the afternoon, a "southerly" springs up. Legions of flea-bitten clouds scurry across the sky out of nowhere, the waves show white, and every sail is suddenly filled. Southerlies make and break racing records. If you're fortunate enough to have one catch your sail at the right

". . . And did he take you to the theatre?"

"My dear, the only time he ever took me out was in a game of bridge after I'd doubled an initial bid. Why Bill thinks the drama is something to take for a headache, and a theatre ticket's a third party nominee. Why he never even heard of Bascom!"

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Edward H. Crandall
President

moment, you're fixed. A southerly is like a miniature *tramontana*, that cold gale which swoops down on Riviera regattas from the Maritime Alps. Of course, it isn't dangerous, and may well be a friend in need, but you must guard against it if you're in a small boat.

Few realize just how much difference light and heavy weather make to yachts. For instance, the mast of the Weetamoe increases ninety pounds in weight on a damp day, through absorption of moisture. When you consider how important weight is in racing, it's easy to realize the difference made by hazy, thick atmosphere. There's another factor, too, often discounted. Yacht-racing is like chess—not so far-fetched a simile as it sounds. The pilot of a big yacht has to calculate every move, plan every attack, ponder every defence with all the intensity of a chess-player. The yachtsman, like the chess-player, must be mathematical, shrewd, exact. Not only must he get every ounce of power out of his sails, but he must reckon with such vacillating elements as tides, currents, and floating handicaps. In addition, he must outwit experienced opponents. It's a hundred times more difficult than it looks to the man on shore.

AFTER all the headshaking by those who were certain that the Resolute and the Vanitie could beat any of the new defence yachts, both boats have been defeated by the Enterprise in test races. The Vanitie has a good alibi—new sails, new crew, and her first real spin of the season. However, there is nothing to make anyone suppose the old boats are really superior in any way. The tests took place in light weather, exactly what all the backers of the older boats had been hoping for. In all the races so far it has proved convenient for the losing yachts to emphasize the informality of the events: "Not in trim yet," "raw crew, never worked together before," "just out of the shop," "only tuning up for later in the season," and so on. It will be decidedly interesting to see what these losers do in the formal races. —JIB

•

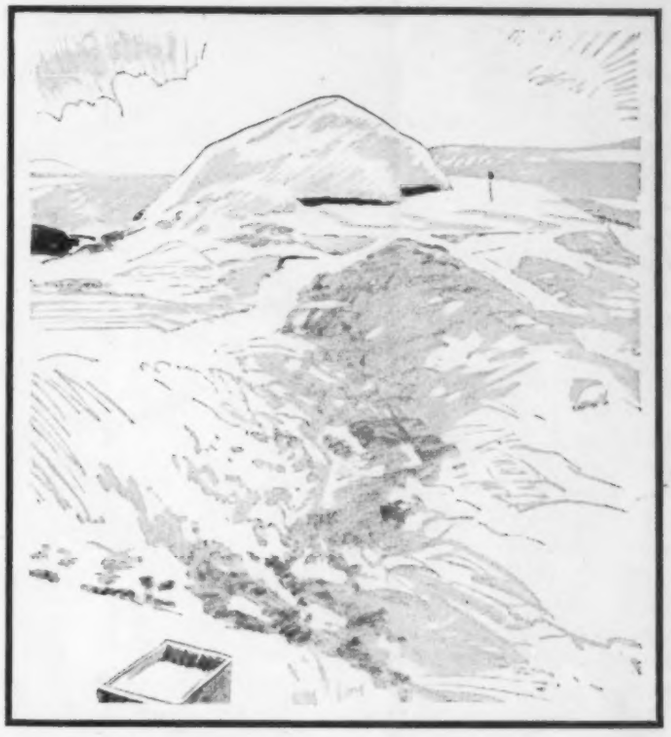
The speakeasy, in which police say they found several barrels of beer, is owned by Bartley Cronin, of 545 West 39 Street, a brother-in-law of the Lawlors. Cronin and the three brothers all have criminal records, according to the police, who expressed surprise that they should have been permitted to operate a speakeasy.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Maybe it was a special case.

The Silver King Series on Famous Golf Holes No. 2

The Postage Stamp

"The best have taken a licking there" SAYS AUBREY BOOMER



"THE 'POSTAGE STAMP,' gets my vote as the trickiest short hole I know," says Aubrey Boomer, French Open Champion. "In calm weather the green can be reached with a mashie-niblick but staying on is another matter. The green is garrisoned by an archipelago of bunkers and looks even smaller than it actually is as you stand tremblingly uncertain on the tee. In front there is a waste of rough, to the left a high hill, on the right a deep bunker and many a poor soul has played ping pong from the hill to bunker and bunker to hill. Formerly, it was the custom to play for the hill with the hope of trickling down to the green. Before the qualifying round for the Open in '25, Jim Braid placed two bunkers on the hillside; leaving little more than a bee's knee between. But if you catch it, your ball should roll down on the green, leaving a sporting chance for a birdie two."

The Postage Stamp is the 8th hole at Troon, Scotland, scene of British Open in 1923. Length 120 yards, par 3.

Aubrey Boomer plays the SILVER KING

John Wanamaker New York, Sole United States Distributors for the Silvertown Co., London

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May We Present the latest Patou panama, and, incidentally, the latest means of presentation, a wooden plaque—in the chronicle of chic—

Harper's Bazaar — for June

TEE AND GREEN

British Amateur—St. Andrews' Greens—Jones Against the Field—Inspired Unknowns

FOR many years the most important annual event in American golf has been the British Open Championship. Because our best golfers go over and compete in it, year after year, we have got accustomed to discussing the British Open as though it were played in Van Cortlandt Park. For some reason the British Amateur has never rated the same interest. It has remained what it began by being—an event for Britons. Jess Sweetser, flushed with fever and choking with a cough that developed into bronchial pneumonia a few days later, won it at Muirfield in 1926. That was one of the few years in which people here have paid attention to the British Amateur. This year it has become suddenly important again, because Bobby Jones went over expressly to play in it, freely admitting that to be amateur champion of Great Britain would mean more to him than any of the titles he holds already.

Torrance

Von Elm

Tolley

I don't know why Jones wanted to win the British Amateur. He has won the British Open twice, the United States Open three times, and the United States Amateur four times. The British Amateur happens to be the only major golf event he has tried to win before without having won it. Understanding how significant this seems to Bobby Jones himself shows you a new side of his character. Although he has always seemed a modest and entirely sensible fellow, there must be hidden in his mind something of the adventurous pride common to the champions of less sophisticated sports. He does not want to leave a gap in his record.

Jones was quietly getting ready for the British Amateur all winter. Down South he turned out to play in tournaments he usually ignores. He wanted practice. His irons bothered him, and he worked over them in long sessions alone on his home course at Atlanta. He felt he could depend on his putting. Because of his accuracy with a putter, St. Andrews is the British course that Jones likes best, and the one on which he has made his best performances. The greens at St. Andrews are big even for British greens, and on several holes there are double greens used for a hole on the out nine and a hole coming back. For Von Elm, whose long driving gave him an even chance with Jones on the tricky fairways, the big greens meant a handicap; his putting has been even worse in Great Britain than it usually is here. Expert chip-shot players like Voigt and Moe knew that many approaches to the pin from distances at which, on their own courses, they would have an advantage over their competitors, would have to be played with putters at St. Andrews. Harrison Johnston and Doctor Willing putt methodically and probably didn't care either way. They are both the sort of golfers who play one club as effectively as the next, and count on the other fellow making the errors.

FOR us this British Amateur is essentially a one-man drama—Jones against the field, which includes his Walker Cup team-mates and various Anglicized Americans who have entered in the hope of a lucky round and with the assurance of getting their names in the papers. Jones seems a much worse bet here than he does in the British Open. He has more than the field against him—the mental hazard of the early eighteen-hole matches. At thirty-six holes, medal play, he is a cinch now, at his peak, to beat any bunch of amateurs in the world, but he has always been quite properly afraid of the short matches. When a quick start is essential, he has usually started slowly; he is put off his game by the feeling that the test will not be long enough to even up the ordinary accidents of playing or to save him from a trimming if some inspired spurt of a competitor happens to occur just when he is having one of his rare off rounds.

SOMEHOW every golfing tyro feels that for a few holes he is as good as Bobby Jones. Most of them prove it only when playing alone, but the idea is a constant inspiration. Sometimes the draw of an amateur tournament turns into reality the phantom Bobby Jones who stalks beside young golfers out for practice. When

Moe

Jones

A New Way to Buy A Park Avenue Apartment Out of Income

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this takes place it may have the effect of disorganizing the unknown competitor's game entirely or of stimulating it to an unimagined perfection. A boy who arrived in California in a cattle-car with a set of borrowed clubs put Jones out of the last American Amateur. Allan Graham, a young Scotchman previously a stranger to fame, beat Jones 6 and 5 in the fourth round at Hoylake in 1921. One Brownlow, awkward son of a rustic Irish baronet, who distracts his opponents by affecting on the links the manner of Simple Simon, and dresses for the part, according to eyewitnesses, in patched, baggy long pants, a threadbare sweater, and a scarecrow felt hat, forced Sweetser to the twenty-first hole at Muirfield and last week showed that his performance then was not an accident by coming within a stroke of tying Jones for the *Golf Illustrated* gold vase.

As for the chances of any British players to win their own Amateur, conservative appraisers still figure them at nil. Rex Hartley, with his unorthodox but effective swing, would be more dangerous if he had not cut his hand just before the Walker Cup matches. That large Yorkshireman, Stout, swings his clubs as though they were lighter than willow switches, but he is erratic; Tolley, Wethered, and Holderness did nothing in the Walker matches to stimulate British hopes. It is Jones against the field, and whatever happens, the tensions of this tournament are built around that situation. —N. B., Jr.

•

CROSSED HEART

Let him who swears he tells the truth
Cross his heart and hope to die
And by this token exorcise
The sudden or deliberate lie;
For fibs are pert, delightful things—
The blarney of a roguish tongue;
And lies as staunch as any wall
Are built by the defenceless one.

Wherefore, let hearts be blithely crossed
With the quick hand's strange, double motion;
Wherefore, invoke the rascal, Death,
Whose whistle stills the tongue's commotion;
And let him speak truth, who'd be my master:
Though he lie fast, I can lie faster!

—Margo

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HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

SAN FRANCISCO

Your gentle scribe, who heretofore has wavered
Toward loving-kindness, and away from panning,
Reports: The city fathers must have favored
The roller-coaster school of city planning.

In obvious connivance with the Devil,
The public has utilities vehicular
The which, although appearing on the level,
Abruptly will assume the perpendicular.

For look you, in a burst of youthful folly,
Your correspondent, hardly knowing why,
Caught something that appeared to be a trolley,
But had the habits of a human fly.

The tracks that whilom wandered horizontally
Quite suddenly aspired to higher things,
And then went plunging down to Hell and gone, till he
(Your faithful servant) breathed a prayer for wings

With which to seek Manhattan, isle of sanity,
Which does not fool its visitors with phony
Methods of travel and, in vast urbanity,
Keeps all its thrill machinery at Coney. —A. K. L.

•

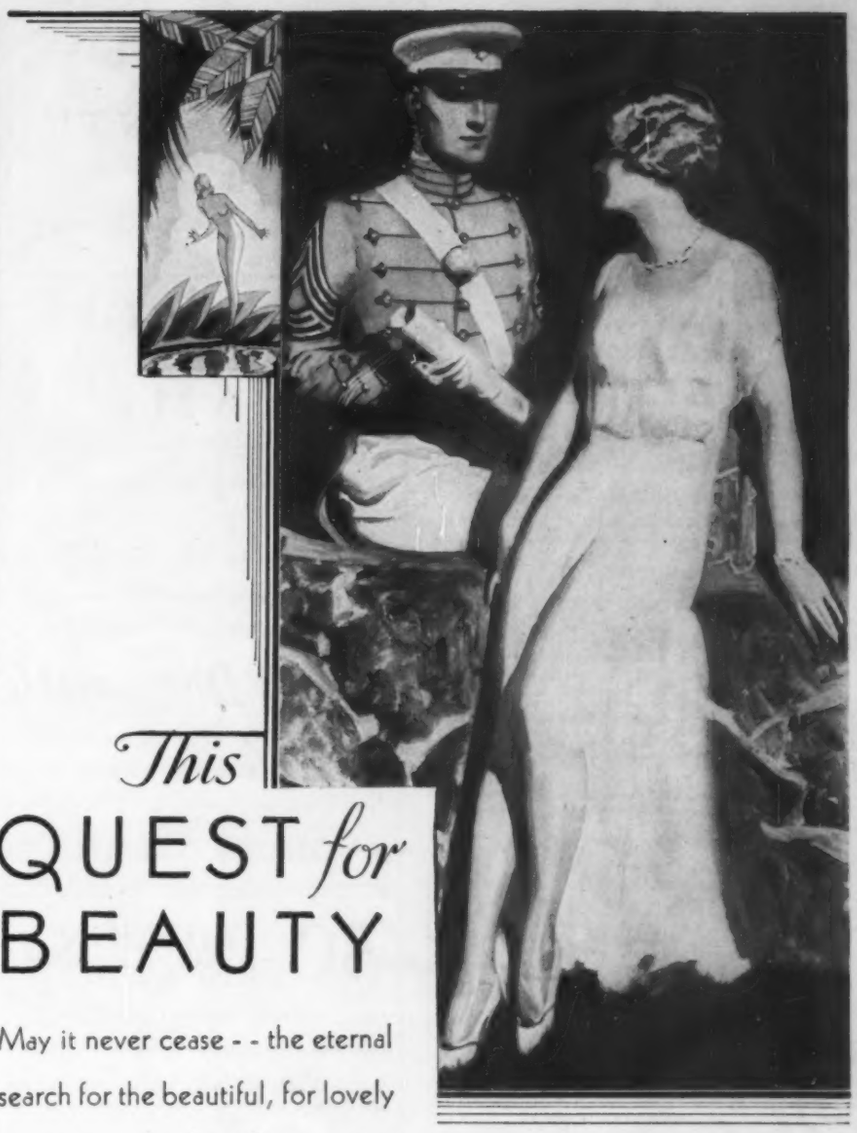
I am practically new in the goat business. One doe dropped twin doe kids and gave two and a half quarts of milk a day at her first kidding, and all she was getting to eat was about a pint of bran a day and what grass she could forage. —*Letter to Farm Journal.*

That's not enough if she's going to be kidded.

•

There is nothing complicated in the modern effect. Sometimes it can be created merely by a piece of harmonious furniture. Let us tell you what can be done in your home or office while you are away this summer.—*From an adv. in The New Yorker.*

Well, in a low voice, maybe.



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Nearly Without Music

ALTHOUGH it deals with the redeeming love of a young woman of doubtful virtue for an idealistic artist, "Ladies of Leisure" is an excellent picture, funny, touching, always alive. It treats the inevitable hackneyed scenes demanded by the plot with a good deal of taste and boasts an all-star cast in which Barbara Stanwyck, Marie Prevost, and Lowell Sherman call for special commendation.

"SO THIS IS LONDON" is a delightful adaptation of the George M. Cohan farce for Will Rogers. It takes advantage of the possibilities offered by a cinematic version to wander all over shipboard and the countryside, and the slow, rich comedy of Mr. Rogers has rarely, if ever, been better displayed.

IN "True to the Navy," Clara Bow plays the waitress at a sailors' lunch counter, a *milieu* which suits her, though with just a few more lessons her voice will be too cultured for it. The picture is rough, swift, and unpretentious. The expert gunner of the Mississippi is on the point of falling in love with Miss Bow when his discovery that she has coquetted heartlessly with other gobs provides the necessary obstacle and plunges them into a lot of trouble. Miss Bow's employer, played by Harry Green, has put up five thousand dollars on the Mississippi's sustaining its record, and his anguish lest something happen to the gunner provides much of the comedy. A lot does happen, but the gunner's marksmanship doesn't fail, nor does that of Miss Bow's sulky mouth and desirous eyes.

THE austere confines of the Hollywood Theatre shelter "Bride of the Regiment," an all-Technicolor bit taken from our old friend, "The Lady in Ermine." Its story, which concerns an Italian countess whose palace is invaded by a lustful Austrian colonel and his men, has been made less interesting than the original, and then emphasized to the prejudice of the score. "When

barking up the wrong tree

the customary error of those wayward fans who seek their entertainment in other cinematic parlors than those of

the rivoli— united artists

where there's george bancroft in "ladies love brutes"—paramount's wolf of wall street in sheep's clothing snatches a gel from a husband's park avenue fold.

the rialto

where there's paramount's "big pond" —with maurice chevalier coming across for a beautiful lady and the paying customers.

the criterion

where there's paramount's indian love lyric "the silent enemy" — keeping the wolf from the door with the redskin riding hoods.

the paramount

where we think clara bow will be "true to the navy" for another week — a large order for that restless red head — so look in the papers. horace heidt and cal. pals will furnish the music come what may.

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Hearts Are Young" is the only song retained, and that seems to have mildewed. There is a little new music, but very little. For great stretches one could recognize "Bride of the Regiment" as an operetta only by its tedium, and perhaps by the fact that the principal rôles are played by excessively plain people. Myrna Loy, who has been cast as a dancer this time, is a blessed exception to that statement, but Terpsichore does not seem to be her muse.

"COURAGE," at the Winter Garden, mines the rich lode of hoke which makes Mother's Day possible (if you consider it so). It lowers the mediocrity of the stage play from which it was taken. In it Belle Bennett, as the tender, if not very bright, mother of seven children, is allotted more comedy in her surroundings than is usual for Miss Bennett, and a happy ending as well. At least at the finale she says to her brood, "From now on we're all pals." Even more distasteful to me was the pseudo-scientific patter about complexes and reactions in which the dialogue occasionally dabbled under the impression that it was doing a jackknife into the Pierian spring.

AT the Cameo, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, never averse to sharing their photographs with their public, were to be seen in "South Seas," a picture of their recent cruise to those regions. Their experiences as explained in Mr. Pinchot's voice seem to have been full of mild interest, and if one gets the feeling of being in a drawing-room at the mercy of a host with a projector and a stack of home films, one can leave. —C. B.

•

One nice thing about buying a radio on the installment plan—if you don't like what comes in over the air you can turn off the payments.—*April 11 issue of Life.*

One nice thing about buying a radio on the installment plan—if you don't like what comes in over the air you can turn off the payments.—*April 25 issue of Life.*

One nice thing about buying *Life*—if you don't like a joke in one issue, you may learn to like it in another.

•

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. H. Torrey and Robert Beverley Morgan of Schenectady were Easter guests of their son at the Beasley School.—*Otsego (N.Y.) Farmer.*

Who presumably has room in his heart for everyone.

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THE RACE TRACK

Whichone Makes a Bow—Lord Derby at Belmont Park—New Two-Year-Olds

THIS week I bring news of a good horse: Whichone. Now don't be like the inquisitive visitor who was wandering about the paddock at Belmont Park last week and came upon owners, trainers, and dilettantes of racing, half a dozen deep, around two horses waiting to be saddled. Elbowing his way through the crowd to Marshall, head lad of the Whitney stable, he said "What's that horse?"

"Whichone," said Marshall, in whom garrulity has never been a fault.

"I mean the big one over there."

"Whichone," said Marshall, permitting himself the ghost of a smile.

"Well, you needn't get smart about it," growled the kibitzer.

IT really was quite an occasion. The Whitney exercise boys were resplendent in their new uniforms, light blue jerseys and brown caps—the stable's colors—with brown breeches to match, and in the interested circle were Mrs. H. C. Phipps, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jeffords, Liz Altemus, Brother Bostwick, Skiddy von Stade, Algy Daingerfield, A. H. Morris, Thomas Hitchcock, Larry Waterbury, Jim Fitzsimmons, trainer of Gallant Fox, G. Herbert Walker, Jack Joyner, John Hertz, Mr. Vosburgh, and Mr. Widener himself. Whichone bore the ordeal of inspection, and the crowd milling around his heels, well.

WHETHER Whichone is sound is the question. I could see nothing wrong with his knees, and several horsemen agreed with me. Jim Colt said he could tell if he flexed Whichone's knees—but of course that would have been unclubby, even if he were allowed to. Whichone has grown into a magnificent animal, big but well balanced and racy-looking—a smooth horse, as the trainers say, not so florid a type as Gallant Fox but quite as eye-filling.

I THINK H. P. Whitney makes the most sporting gestures of any owner in racing, for he has his best horses worked before the public in the afternoons, rather than in the mornings for the edification of the clockers alone. Whichone's spin was at one mile, and Tom Healy, his trainer, told Marshall to breeze him in forty-one, which is racing vernacular for galloping the eight furlongs in a minute and forty-one seconds. Marshall, a consummate judge of pace, did it as though he were watching the hands of a split-second watch.

The colt strode with the smoothness of some wonderful racing machine. His action, the long, low daisy-clipping stride so desired in our horses, was an example of perfect coördination: and he came down the last furlong in twelve seconds with his rider sitting still in the saddle. I gather that his first engagement will be the Withers Mile, this Saturday. One supposes that he will just revisit the scene of his triumph in the Champagne Stakes and the Futurity to triumph again.

After that he will run for the Belmont Stakes. Somehow, although still under the spell of Whichone's brilliance, I do not think he will be so certain to succeed over the mile and a half of the Belmont Stakes. But this opinion, like all others on the race course, is subject to change without notice.

LORD DERBY has ended his visit. He received such a lavish welcome everywhere he will probably remember the trip the rest of his life. He said as much at Belmont Park last week. Seventeen days of almost continuous activity, and travelling on trains, had slowed him up to a walk, but he was as jovial as he is at those London Press Club luncheons when he —sometimes—tips the winner. He would give no tip on the Derby this year, but said he has a lovely filly, Fair Isle—a sister to Fairway—and a damn bad colt, Caerleon. He carried a racing umbrella—the kind with the betting pencil in the handle—and wore his trousers turned up very high. He admired the Belmont Park stand, but, like all British racing men, did not approve of horses running on dirt tracks.

ALL that was lacking to make English racing weather the after-

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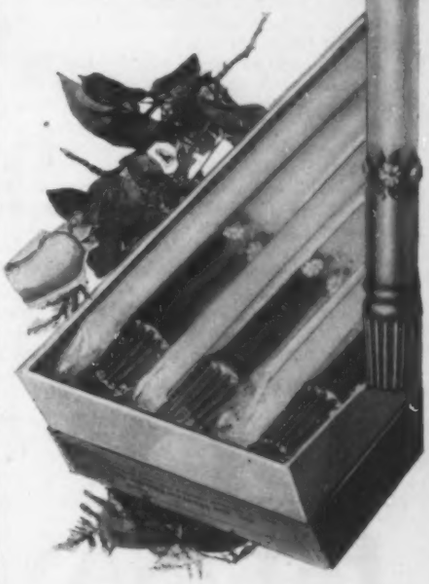

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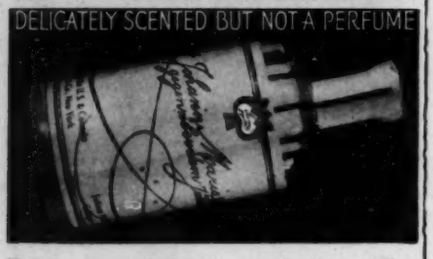

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noon of Lord Derby's visit to Belmont was a drizzling rain. We saw Thomas Hitchcock's Actor reintroduce himself to steeplechasing, Pete Bostwick riding him home the winner by half a dozen lengths; and W. R. Coe's Black Majesty beat Kai-feng by a head in the Sansovino Handicap. In the last race of the day the placing judges decided that Sun Forward beat Strongheart, but the crowd thought otherwise. In spite of the boos and hisses, however, the judges had the last word.

WILLIAM WOODWARD would rather see Gallant Fox win the Belmont Stakes than his The Scout II win the Derby Stakes at Epsom Downs. To see both races, as the Derby Stakes is run on June 4 and the Belmont on June 7, he would have to fly across the Atlantic. The Scout II, who is by Sir Gallahad III-La Rablée, and who was bred in this country, has more than the proverbial outsider's chance since his victory last week in the Newmarket Stakes.

IT may be useful, and possibly profitable, to see what can be gleaned from the form of some of the new two-year-olds.

Mrs. R. T. Wilson's Greatorex, the gray colt by Stefan the Great, is such a determined fighter—and he has speed as well—that he is more than likely to make a good bid for the early juvenile honors.

Gifford Cochran's Repentance was an object of much attention in the paddock one day last week, but when it came to racing, Sam Riddle's Sergeant Donaldson, and Masked Ball, beat him easily. The Sergeant is a good-looking colt by Whisk Broom II and Assembly. His owner found he had stripped very light for the race and did not back him, but the youngster displayed rare grit and wore down the leaders, winning by a nose on the winning post.

THE Honourable George is coming to hand after his trip to Kentucky. He informs me that you can't treat Bourbon—and there really is some left down there—with the same unconcern you can Scotch.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Max Warren, eighteen, invited for murder of his girl sweetheart at party to which he was uninvited week ago.—*The Evening Post.*

Maybe he's been taking a personality course.

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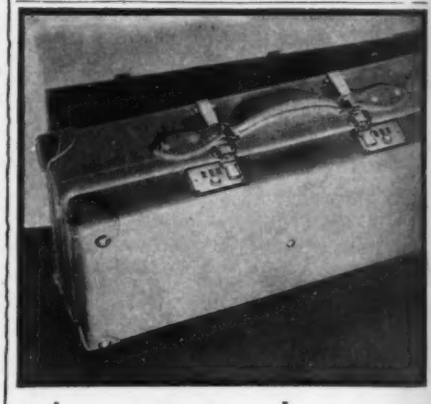

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THERE are so many ranches to pick from, and their attractions are so varied, that I can name only a few. You should write for information, if you are interested; all dude ranches, because of their distance from New York, are prepared to give clear and detailed answers to inquiries about them.

On the Sheridan branch of the Burlington Railroad is the Eatons' ranch, at Wolf, Wyoming—a second home to all who have ever been there. The supervision of the Eaton family is so satisfactory that many people entrust their children to the ranch and go off elsewhere themselves. Cottages, however, are available for whole families. The days are filled with riding and practicing or watching cow-punching, with camping, pack-trailing, and fishing.

The HF Bar and Paradise ranches at Buffalo, Wyoming, are popular and highly recommended; Triangle A at Sheridan is first-rate; and Bones Brothers at Birney, Montana, run a big, rough-and-ready ranch with many features that appeal to sportsmen.

Of the camp-school type of ranch, open in winter as well as summer (a most excellent way of combining education with outdoor life for wan city boys), there are several in the vicinity of Cody, on the Shoshone branch of the Burlington.

In Southern Arizona, on the Southern Pacific, you will discover a number of fine ranches, scattered among the cactuses and sagebrush, whose devotees are almost fanatic. The Southern Pacific Railroad, 531 Fifth Avenue, can give you lists, with references. Most of them are private ranches with accommodations for fifteen or twenty paying guests. On many the work of cattle-rounding and similar tasks goes on every day, and the guest is invited, politely, to join the excitement if he shows the slightest inclination.

In New Mexico there is a large ranch near Albuquerque, on the Santa Fe—Rancho Rea, in the Jemez Mountains. Here they offer, in addition to the usual riding, pack-trips, and rodeos, a program of shooting, fishing, motoring, and sports like archery, tennis, and swimming. This is not far from Santa Fe; if you stop there, try the Bishop's Lodge, an unusual hotel of exceptional quality.

The Northern Pacific Railroad is an authority on vacations in the Yellowstone National Park regions, and will, at its 560 Fifth Avenue office, put you in touch with ranchers in the wilds of Northern Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho. While there are many huge ranches accommodating over a hundred persons in some of these localities, you will also come across smaller, and perhaps more engaging, places.

SPEAKING of cactuses and things Spanish, a motor trip has just become possible between Laredo, Texas, and Mexico City. However, it is only for those who enjoy pioneering—real chart-and-compass stuff. If you scorn the soft comforts of modern highways and can do without guide signs, supply stores, or gas and service stations, you might try it.

Starting from Laredo, you follow a good gravel road for 147 miles to Monterey; thence to Valles, over a stretch of 313 miles of graded dirt. The road from Valles to Ixmiquilpan has been given a new surface by the Mexican government (perhaps stimulated by Mexico City's growing vogue as a resort and the Road Congress that is to be held there). From Ixmiquilpan to Mexico City the highway is paved. Detours all along the way go through jungle growths, stream beds, bogs, and not very shallow fords.

THE new flagship of the French Line's cabin-class ships, the Lafayette, is very fine indeed. I visited her at the conclusion of her maiden voyage from Havre to New York, and was duly impressed. What particularly struck me was not so much her nine decks, her salons, café, garage, and so on, but the subtle way the French have of blending the ultra-chic with the ultra-modern. The Lafayette is more Parisian than French. She is a Rue de la Paix liner, marked down to cabin-class prices. I envy those who cross in her this summer.

AMERICANS who know Egypt also know Charles Baehler, managing director of the Egyptian Hotels, and internationally famous for his management of Shepheard's. Mr. Baehler has been on a brief visit to this country, studying the latest phases of hotel development and administration. If you stop at Shepheard's or the Mena House in Cairo, at the Grand Hotel in Assouan, or the Winter Palace in Luxor (these are only a few of his Egyptian hotels), you will understand why Mr. Baehler is called "the Swiss Cornuché."

DINNER SUGGESTION: Motor to the Old Brick Tavern, near Bedford Village, allowing about an hour and three-quarters' time from Fifty-ninth Street. You should go via the Bronx River Parkway to White Plains, and then take Route 22 to Bedford Village. Immediately beyond that, follow the right fork to Cross River, which consists of a single store a few yards from the Tavern.

A dinner at the Old Brick Tavern costs $2.50, and it's money well spent. There's richness about the meal and tradition about the place. They serve game and beefsteak pies, marvellous strawberries with several different kinds of cream—that sort of thing. On summer days you eat on a terraced lawn, and you can rent the six rooms on one floor for a houseparty. Make arrangements in advance. —G. A.

•

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30.—(Universal Service.)—Superior digital eloquence of another deaf mute was said today by Roscoe J. Negri of this city to have been responsible for the defection of Mrs. Gladys L. Negri, also a deaf mute.

Testifying in his divorce suit before Superior Judge Edmund C. Morgan, Negri (through an interpreter) said: "This other man could talk faster on his hands than I could. He would flatter my wife with one hand and kid me with the other. Finally she got to nagging me so much in sign language that I had to keep the lights turned off."—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

One of those six-handed triangles.

KNOTS

THE long and short of the whole shaving proposition is *double action*. And each tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream is filled with *double-action* shaves.

Shaving with Squibb's is a pleasant way to avoid shaving knots. The razor will *not* rasp or rip, for the first action shields your skin with an anti-friction balm.

Your face will *not* feel dry and tight, for the second action of Squibb's Shaving Cream restores the pliant oils that keep the skin supple and healthy. This extra action brings an extra feeling of velvet comfort. For shaving creams as a rule remove the delicate oils essential to the skin.

Buy a tube of Squibb's at your druggist's tonight.

Listen to Will Rogers each Sunday evening at 10 o'clock, New York time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

SQUIBB'S
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WEEKENDERS, INCORPORATED

WEEKENDERS, INCORPORATED, are able, at this time, to offer for rental on the market the following guaranteed weekenders:

No. 14-B. (Male) Specialty: Helpfulness-around-the-place. Can weed gardens, being able to differentiate between (a) tomato plants and ragweed, (b) larkspur and plantain, (c) hollyhocks and witch-grass. Able to put up awnings rightside up and outside out. Can make excellent Sunday-night-supper Welsh rarebit and produce unburnt buttered toast in any quantities. An expert at replacing burnt-out fuses, mending radio aërials, and marking tennis courts. Rental: $25 plus fare to and from city. Worth three times the money.

No. 3-Q. (Female) Specialty: Mighty-nice-girl-to-have-around. Has costumes for all occasions and does not spend all day changing them. If invited to Connecticut does not dissertate on previous "delightful weekend" on Long Island. Guaranteed to know at least three former college cronies of all male guests. Surefire hit at all country-club dances. Plays splendid golf and tennis but will under no circumstances humiliate men at these contests (even if capable). Rental: $35 excluding extras such as roadhouse cover charges and greens fees.

No. 73-C. (Male) Specialty: Life-of-the-party. Has quick wit and inexhaustible store of anecdotes which, however, are related at tactful intervals. Always able to suggest a parlor game when the company is too numerous for bridge or too sparse for charades, and can be depended on never to win. Plays piano excellently and has sense enough to admit it. The first one to suggest going to bed when it is obvious that that is everybody's desire. Rental: flat rate of $25 or commission of $7.50 for each time the weekend is saved from going on the rocks.

No. 8-J. (Female) Specialty: Bridge. Indispensable when your guests number three incorrigible bridge fiends. Does not insist on her own conventions. Never beguiled into irrelevant conversation by onlookers. Will play for any stakes or none at all. Does not rehash hands or lead from a king, and knows when to take out the trumps and when to ruff first. Rental: $3 per rubber.

No. 218-A. (Male) Specialty: College-hero. Was graduated last June with five major letters and Phi Beta Kappa key. Just the man if any of your guests (or children) consist of males or females between the ages of fourteen and nineteen. Positively guaranteed to be an Inspiration. Has made front-page headlines. Will fire young Junior with ambition to pass off that College Board geometry and get into college, and furnish Beatrice with enough conversation to last her the rest of the summer. Rental: None, but will consider taking position in his host's firm in September.

No. 1-D. (Male) Specialty: God's-gift-to-the-American-girl. An expert at the following types of lovemaking: Dynamic, platonic, flippant, tragic, ironic, amusing, exciting, poetic, sardonic. Rates ditto.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

•

TO A VERY LITERARY LADY

Madam, I do not care a sudden damn
Whether 'twas Shakespeare, Bacon, or their twins
Who wrote great "Hamlet" for my many sins,
Since I have heard a door in London slam
And seen great Sherlock issue. In Siam
The women dress in trousers and their shins
Grow numb, what time the cosmic platter spins,
Waiting the latest "Dr. Thorndyke," ma'am.

Once as a lad I spent a slender dime
That I could ill afford, for "Old King Brady,"
Since when my tastes have wavered little, lady.
Have you no interest at all in Crime?
Let us be done with all this solemn prattle . . . .
Hark! In some victim's throat that final rattle!

—VINCENT STARRETT

•

As to the photographs, Judge Hahn declared that any woman would object to her husband taking pictures of women in the nude, or a husband would object to a wife taking photographs of nude men. "If such pictures have to be taken for art's sake, it would be better that a single man, not a married man, take them," the judge declared. —*Los Angeles Times.*

Photographic ability ought to count something, though.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE DERBY

OUTSIDE the wind howled, sheets of rain beat against the casement windows, which rattled and shook under the blast. It was, in short, a typical June day in England. My host poked up the dying fire and, leaning over, turned on the radio. A voice with an Oxford accent —all announcers of the British Broadcasting Company are Oxford men— said:

"Favorites for the Derby at Epsom tomorrow: Hunter's Moon, ten to one; Gay Boy, sixteen to one—"

My host snapped it off again. "The Derby tomorrow," he said. "Don't forget you are going up with us."

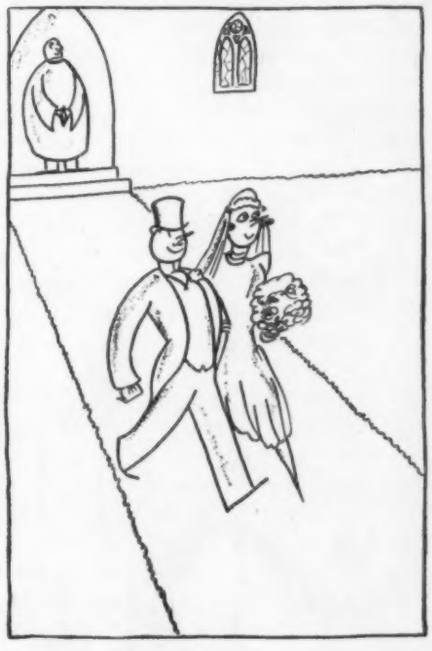
The following morning the lunch was packed, and under lowering clouds the powerful Wolseley swung us up over the Hampshire Downs toward Epsom and the Derby. As we moved up from the south, hundreds of thousands of others by motorbus and motorcycle, by automobile and airplane, by train and on foot and on horseback, were converging upon Epsom from the east, north, and west. For this was Derby Day, the great day of the English people. The classes may go to Ascot and Goodwood; the Derby is the race of the people.

THE Derby, the greatest horse-race in all the world, was established one hundred and fifty-one years ago by the twelfth Earl of Derby. It appears that the Earl and Sir Charles Bunbury made a bet over a glass of port after dinner about a race for three-year-olds, colts or fillies. It was agreed that the race should be named after one of them, they tossed for the honor, and the Earl won. It was, therefore, but justice that Sir Charles should win the first Derby Stakes.

The conditions of the race have changed little since its foundation; the distance, which was originally a mile, was lengthened to a mile and a half, and the weights have undergone some slight variation. Today the event has grown to such proportions that they prepare for it six months in advance; not only have the horses been training, but the various sweepstakes have been distributed until it is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly a person in Great Britain who has not risked something on the winner. My host's son came in from the public school which he attends to display proudly a ticket for which he had saved his pennies. The servants all had tickets in the village sweeps; when last we went to the local golf club there was a list on the bulletin board of the members and the name of the horse each one had drawn. These, of course, were small affairs. There are also the big sweeps.

The two biggest are the Calcutta and the Stock Exchange. Tickets sell for a pound apiece. In the Calcutta there are three first prizes of £135,000 ($657,045) apiece, and numerous other prizes. The Stock Exchange has two firsts of £125,000 ($608,375), two seconds of £65,000 ($335,000), thirds of £35,000 ($175,000), fourths of £17,500 ($87,500), and numerous smaller ones. There are other smaller sweeps, including the Baltic, in which the first money amounts to £100,000 ($486,700).

All these pools are conducted in this manner: Hundreds of thousands of tickets are sold all over the world, and several weeks before the race numbers which correspond to numbers on the tickets are drawn and marked down opposite each horse entered. If you happen to draw the name of the favorite you can sell half your chance to a gambling syndicate for a huge sum. Everyone who draws a number cor-



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The Will-to-Serve, the warm friendliness, the personal effort to make you comfortable . . . that's what you will first appreciate at Hotel Knickerbocker. Then . . . larger, handsome rooms . . . and the most luxuriously comfortable beds that money can buy. With all that comes lower rates that show our spirit of fairness to the public . . . our wish to merit public recognition as a great institution, not merely a "mere" hotel. 3 minutes to the city-center . . . it's quiet, restful, and accessible here . . . When are you coming to Chicago? At your service!
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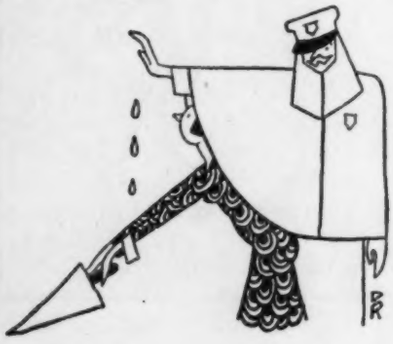
SHERRY-NETHERLAND HOTEL

responding with the name of a horse entered in the race makes thousands of pounds, because syndicates are willing to take up numbers on the chance the horse may run and win.

EARLY that morning we hummed through little Hampshire villages, signs like "Hounds, Please, Gentlemen" reminding us that we were in hunting country. The hounds were idle today, though, the golf courses and tennis courts deserted; everyone was en route for Epsom. At last we turned into the main London-Portsmouth road to meet a long line of traffic much like that in the Boston Post Road when Yale plays Princeton. In makeup, however, it was different. There were many private cars, large and small; but there were also many lumbering buses seating fifty or sixty persons (some of them inebriated), with names on the backs of the buses such as "Dorset Monarch" or "Havant Flyer;" there were hundreds of motorbikes with blowzy young ladies upon the pillion, there were even occasional young riders on plain bicycles. The lines moved, however. Soon we left Hampshire behind for the yellow gorse of the Sussex Commons, until at last we saw the ugly structure which is the grandstand appearing over the rise. In a minute we were crawling across the Downs.

The Downs at Epsom are great gently sloping hills; upon their slopes is run the Derby. We crossed the wide course and found ourselves inside the enclosure in the midst of tipsters, hawkers, evangelists with sandwich boards giving notice that the world was coming to an end, bookies, tents, booths, cars, men pushing bikes through the mud—in short, the English nation en fête. The course itself is in the shape of a gigantic horseshoe, the curved part named Tattenham Corner. For this point of vantage we struck out, gradually worming our way into position with the fenders of the car touching the rails. Behind us on the straightaway at the finish was the grandstand, where the nobility and society sat; below this, along the last few hundred yards, were parked a thousand red London omnibuses, each one forming a temporary grandstand. What time they must have rolled out of the city one hated to imagine; they were jammed in, wheels touching, side by side in two apparently endless rows.



MEANWHILE about and around us within the enclosure were more persons than you have ever seen in one place before. There were over a million, so my host said, as we wandered about; a mixture, good and bad, rich and poor—the poor predominating. You noticed all kinds of cars parked by the rail; on one side of us was a Citroën, on the other a Rolls, and beyond that a Bentley with swagger young nuts with gray silk hats and pretty girls in chiffon dresses, all eating from hampers. The bookies were at every turn; they had small stands with notices proclaiming that "Alf King from Leeds Is Here," and that "You Can't Go Wrong with Jack Smith from Birmingham." Underneath these notices were the odds on every horse; I observed that the odds changed continually.

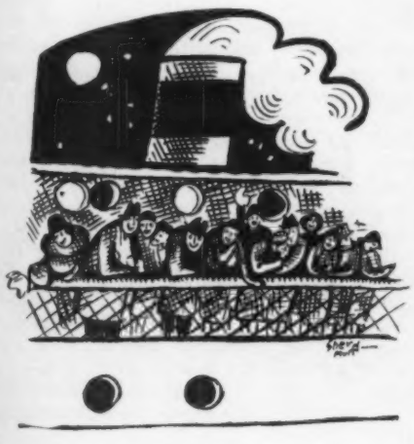
We jostled through the crowd. An old fellow in a cap was spreading three cards on an open umbrella—an old trick. A pound note was tossed down by someone, the card was turned up, and the old chap peeled off another note and handed it over. "That's roight, that's roight, some wins and some loses; cawn't say as 'ow all wins cause I'd be a bloody liar if I did." Deftly he shuffled the cards and even more deftly folded up the umbrella as a police sergeant on horseback wormed his way along. "Now then," said the Law, an elegant and dapper individual with ribbons on his chest denoting service in the war. "You may as well move along. I shall worry you if you don't." Imagine a New York cop talking like that! No noise, no bellowing, only a gentle remonstrance. Was this enough? Yes, probably, for that tone was the essence of this crowd and this crowd was the essence of England.

WE moved along also. The throngs in the tents were eating sandwiches and drinking beer. There were stands everywhere selling all sorts of horrible-looking concoctions that smelled worse than they looked. Stewed eels seemed to be a great favorite. There was a little jostling and pushing because the crowd was growing rapidly every minute and was now enormous; but de-

spite the drinking in the tents there was not much drunkenness and apparently no whiskey carried on the hip. Inside and around this vast area whose frontier is the mile-and-a-half-long course were over a million human beings. To keep them in order as many as a hundred policemen are scattered about each year, with perhaps a hundred more at the Epsom station and along the roads. For the Englishman en fête needs no restraining; in fact you would never know by looking about that he is enjoying himself. There was no jollity, no hilarity, no high surge of emotion, no laughing and jesting between the solemn-faced young men and women about us. They were out for a good time; impossible to guess it from their faces!

WE were hungry, so after walking past the grandstand we returned to the car for lunch. It was colder now; lunch was excellent, so was the nip of whiskey that went with it. After lunch we decided to place our bets, so we adjourned to the nearest bookie and placed a pound each on Hunter's Moon. Why Hunter's Moon? First, because it was the horse of Lord Derby, whose ancestor founded this race a century and a half ago; second, because we liked the name. The bookie, whose name was Mr. Jim Roche of Newbury, handed us each a pink card with a number on it, while his assistant in a Morris car entered our names in a dubious-looking ledger.

By this time it was two o'clock. The drizzle which had been seeping over the Downs since noon had turned into a steady rain. The majority of the crowd hugged their places at the rail before the cars, I sought shelter within; but after all, to English racegoers a little rain is indeed a small matter. They turned up their coat collars, donned mackintoshes—the silk hats were now to be seen over Burberrys and raincoats—and clung stubbornly to their places of vantage. Finally a youth with glasses, on top of the Rolls at our side, announced after much sweeping of the misty horizon that the horses were now parading before the grandstand. Now they were moving to the start. About us the crowd stirred restlessly; there was movement in the air. They seemed conscious that the mighty event was about to start. The track cleared itself by magic, and then a lone cry from below. They were upon us.



A thunder of hoofs as they came up the rise into view, swung close to the rail beside us, so close we could have touched them by stretching out our hand. An indistinguishable mass of horses and jockeys in colored silks, they pounded past in a burst of speed and were gone. Five seconds, ten seconds perhaps, they were in sight. Who was leading? No one knew. They swung around the corner and we could dimly see them going up the stretch before the stands.

"Hunter's Moon. Hunter's Moon," said the young man with the glasses from the vantage point of the roof of the Rolls. "No. . . . He's going back. He's second now, he's third." . . . The Derby was over and someone had won.

THE crowd deserted the cars at the rail and ran to the nearest bookie. The bookie with glasses at his eyes was watching the grandstand for the winning numbers to be posted. There was no cheering, no shouting, no exultant cries of any sort. Was that because the favorite did not win or because it was the normal English manner of taking victory and defeat? At any rate, tomorrow the *Daily Telegraph* would describe the race, and in the headlines would be the words "Traditional Dignity."

"4," "3," and "28." We looked at our cards. "4" is Trigo. Who is Trigo? No one ever heard of Trigo. The bookies were quietly delighted: if an outsider won they made money; if the favorite won they lost, because the favorite is always heavily backed. There were other races to follow, but the great, the mighty moment had passed, so like thousands of others we packed our hamper, started the car, and churned our way through the milling masses. As they came, so these extraordinary people left—quietly, by motor and horse, on foot and bicycle, calmly, without exhilaration or outward or visible signs of pleasure. The traffic was as orderly as the crowd. Soon we crossed the track, moved over the Downs, and turned into the main road, one of a long procession of cars, but never stopping. Once again we passed through the yellow gorse of the Surrey Commons, over the Devil's Punchbowl, and into Hindhead, through towns with Saxon names like Elstead and Thursley, past gardens a mass of color, and into an old-world town named Abinger Hammer, where we stopped for tea.

It was cold, the drizzle had become a steady rain; we were cold and also a little hungry, and excessively grateful for the big fire, and the tea with watercress sandwiches. When the time came to pay the bill, I pulled a note out of my pocket, realizing that except for the bet, this was the first time I had spent a cent all day. The Derby is a free show.

In the United States there would be parking spaces to pay for, tickets to buy, programs to purchase, and a thousand other ways of spending money; but the Downs are free to all. You take your Wolseley or your Rolls or your Citroën or your motorbike or your coster's car or your horse—or even your specially hired London omnibus—to the edge of the course, you go anywhere you please and no one stops you or asks you to pay a cent. In short, except for the grandstand, where only a few thousand sit, you have the freedom of the Downs; for this is the spirit of the Derby.

Certain of the nobility, and certain commoners, have elected to race their horses out there on those windswept slopes and all who so desire can go and see them for nothing. As it was last year, so it will be this year and next year as long as the Derby is the Derby, which will probably be as long as England is England. —JOHN R. TUNIS

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FLOWER WAGON

With potted blooms, and sprightly sprays
  And faint nostalgic powers,
It brings, among the city's ways,
  Its migratory bowers.

It paints a gay similitude
  Of something rather higher—
And seeks, with gentle pulchritude,
  The promise of a buyer.

Its rolling hubs, and ambling gait,
  And blossoms brightly vernal,
Proclaim the perfect delegate
  Of hope that springs eternal. . . .

—BURKE BOYCE

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, MAY 21

FOR many music-lovers the two concerts given here by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York were over weeks before they began, or the day the box office opened. To satisfy the demand for tickets, Toscanini should have rented the Place de la Concorde and campstools. The audiences were large, enthusiastic, and brilliant. Since the other bands had all laid off that night, every orchestra leader in Paris was present at one of the concerts, and every famous composer in Europe who wasn't dead. And, judging by the face of Ravel while his "Bolero" was being played, one who wished he was dead. For Ravel's by now famous refusal to rise and meet the storm of applause raging around his seat was not, apparently, caused by modesty but by temper and tempo. Signor Toscanini, it seems, had played his piece too fast, and for one music-lover the evening was ruined.

The past two weeks have also contained other good sonorous tidbits: Stravinsky at the piano in his "Capriccio;" big violinists by the names of Heifetz and Kreisler, and a little one named Menuhin; first auditions by the new Iberian, Villa-Lobos; Honegger in his 'cello concerto; concerts given by the Berlin Philharmonic and the band of the Royal Scots Guards; singing by Gigli, the Hampton Choir, and the Russian Opera—with the Japanese Players, who might as well have been singing, thrown in for good measure.

The Kamerny Theatre from Moscow is coming, and the three-year-olds at Longchamp are the best seen in a dog's age. All in all, it's a good spring.

THE Millet picture scandal has turned out to be a couple of dozen faked canvases and one authentic guitarist, though his name, to be sure, is not quite legitimate. "My true one," he confessed, "is Perez, of which there are so many in Spain that I added 'y Montalbo' without the slightest title to nobility." The lowly Señor Perez y Montalbo was the "art expert" cited by young Millet in his recent efforts to palm off masterpieces. But Señor Perez knew nothing about art, and until recently, knew nothing about his being an art critic. "I am surprised at all young Millet's inventions," he murmured to the press, adding that he and the youth met at cheap bars and once went boar-hunting. "I am a sidewalk guitarist who gains his bread painfully. Yet it is said that to authenticate his false pictures, I accompanied him to art galleries, elegantly dressed. Alas, I have never been elegantly dressed. Indeed," he added in a burst of candor, "I never wore a collar in my life. And as for frequently having gone to London to sell landscapes to milords, I went to London but once; it was in 1915, the moment when the German army was descending on Paris. I've never been to London since." Señor Perez is going to sue M. Millet as soon as there's room in Millet's life for another suit. "I have but little identity at best," the Spaniard sighed, "and Millet has abused himself of the morsel I have. I am shocked."

SO is all Paris, and particularly the Rue La Boëtie, where the great picture merchants dwell. False Watteaus, false Vlamincks, and now false Millets, all in the course of a month, is excessive; not only for patrons, but even more so for merchants, for whom too many substitutes, as in any sport, spoil the game. If the truth is in young Millet, which seems doubtful, of the twenty-odd false Millet oils and thirty-odd Corot, Sisley, and Monet sketches, less than a fourth were absorbed by Americans; the other three parts went to England, to a Glasgow museum, and—what is even funnier than swindling a Scotch art fancier—to the French. As one French merchant admitted about the Millets in his window, he now has proof that they are authentically false. Indeed the whole Millet museum at Barbizon, a sweet spot where tender tourists sigh over "The Man with the Hoe," is, with all its art treasures, under suspicion. "Though I assure you, *messieurs*," adds young Millet, "that my grandfather's bed is genuine."

THE Wedgwood exhibition at the Rouard Gallery has been a treat. Half the unique items were brought over from London by air, a crime that can be appreciated only by seeing the potteries themselves. Present were—besides the ordinary blue—the Chinese-flowered black, the braided yellow, some glazed potpourris, parts of the famous cauliflower tea set, the copy of the Portland vase, and whole cabinets of classical medallions. Wedgwood had an enormous influence on French decoration in the days of the Empire. The Rouard show was something in the nature of a homecoming.

THE new revue at the Folies-Bergère is the best in that theatre's history of man. For many reasons it is remarkable. It is not, as these revues recently have been, an imitation Ziegfeld show; it is truly French. The old ladies from home who've been attending for years, for fear of being shocked, had better come back over in a body; this time the Folies will give them their money's worth. The show contains better nudes than usual, and there is only one feather scene. It is a Rabelaisian exploitation and exploration of the Parisian point of view that is really hearty, bold, and—because of the complete absence of conscience—actually funny.

—GENÊT

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PROGRESS OF SCIENCE IN ITHACA, N. Y.

[*From the Ithaca Journal-News*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL-NEWS:

When I came to Ithaca there were here two competing telephone companies. I paid one of them $1.50 per month for my phone service. Two companies, of course, made duplication and waste. Great economies were effected by the elimination of one of these companies, by reason of which the surviving company was able to furnish me phone service at $2.50 per month. Then came a great mechanical improvement. The dial system was installed, eliminating labor at the central switch-board. This great improvement enabled the company to furnish me phone service at $3.50 per month, which is the rate I have been paying for a few years. Today my new bill for the same service is $4.30 per month; and I am greatly puzzled to know what new economy of operation has enabled the company to make this raise.

JAMES G. NEEDHAM,
Professor of Entomology.

RECENT BOOKS

Lady Warrior—Among Those Present—A Leader—Moral Clowning—Some Psychic Stuff—Burlesque

YOU have, this week, your literary choice of two fascinating women; for the good of your mental balance, I advise you to accept both of them. If your mind works in the present or future tense, there is "My Thirty Years' War," by Margaret Anderson. If, however, you happen to be emotionally past tense, you will prefer "Mary Gladstone: Her Diaries and Letters."

Miss Anderson, whom you know as the editor of the *Little Review*, takes pen in hand and describes her years as a rebel. Here was the brilliant, erratic daughter of a prosperous and long-suffering Middle-Western gentleman. Her literary and critical career began at home, where, at the impertinent age, she took to writing letters to her father exposing the hidden miseries of their domestic life. As a result she was, without great reluctance, shipped to Chicago, where, in the natural course of time, the *Little Review* was born. Miss Anderson's dauntless spirit, her undiluted, harum-scarum enthusiasm for wayward artists and political movements, made her unique among editors.

This, then, is the dashing, witty, and often unreliable chronicle of a gallant literary adventure. Miss Anderson's pages are crowded with anecdotes about everyone from James Joyce to John Sumner, from Amy Lowell to Gertrude Stein. To me almost the most interesting of Miss Anderson's exhibits is a galley proof of "Ulysses" with Joyce's corrections. I wonder what the printer made of it. Her word pictures of Jean Cocteau, Ernest Hemingway, and Richard Aldington are so swift and vivid that whether or not they are also good criticism is quite beside the point. Miss Anderson is frankly an unaccountable; you can no more bookkeep her sudden raptures or her swift darting enthusiasms than you can Isadora Duncan's. Her book is worth a dozen smug literary memoirs.

AT the same age when Miss Anderson was shocking her papa and mamma with her tastes for unseemly things, little Mary Gladstone, who lived only half a century earlier, was dutifully learning nothing at all from a stupid and cruel nursery governess. Mary, like Margaret, loved music and played more than passably well, though she had no decent musical tutelage. Mary, too, met the great literary figures of her time—and all the statesmen, royalty, and bigwigs, too.

Mary kept a diary that covered the span from our Civil War until after the World War. It has been patiently, lovingly, and intelligently edited by Lucy Masterman. Mary was a born conformer; Papa was Papa and, in or out of office, always right. Dizzy's speeches were too long—and vulgar and impertinent besides. As a young woman Mary was frightened and fascinated by the music of Richard Wagner. She heard him conduct an opera concert in London and found the "trolling of three maukins" in "Die Walküre" extremely tiresome. In her old age, she hoped that someone would show up Bernard Shaw.

Yet beneath this Victorian decorum was an engaging and charming girl and a lovable and superior woman. For Mary was shrewd, observant, and honest, and she was naturally endowed with great integrity of character. If a pompous gentleman was an exasperating dinner partner, she recorded the fact bluntly. Americans she did not care for; the Whitelaw Reids were "nice but twangy." If Queen Victoria was overwhelmed by a mob at a reception, Mary said "she looked fit to blow up." Mary met all the great and glamorous personages of her day but "life was a great failure" in spite of occasionally jolly happenings. Her fine zest for living was wasted in trivialities, and as she grew older she realized it; she was silly and incompletely educated; she married late in life; and her great love for music was wasted away in a pathetically devoted attendance of concerts. Mary was, in fact, merely "among those present" all her life.

THE rebels are with us this week. Without regard to your party prejudices, I earnestly recommend "Eugene V. Debs," by McAlister Coleman. It is an intelligent survey of Debs' work as the leader of American Socialism, as an organizer, and as a peace advocate.

In honest and reasoned political writing, Mr. Coleman gives you a good portrait of a man whose abilities were poorly recognized during his lifetime. The most dramatic part of the book tells you why Debs was sent to Atlanta for saying things about the war that are now openly printed by the most conservative newspapers. President Wilson refused him a pardon because Debs haunted him like the ghost of his discarded ideals. The more practical Harding came to his rescue through the intervention of none other than Harry Daugherty. I liked Harding's greeting to Debs—"I'm glad to meet you. I've heard so damned much about you."

"MRS. GRUNDY," by Leo Markun, is gay reading and the research into taboos of the past three centuries must have been pleasant work for the author. In his outline of *verbotens*, Mr. Markun gives us a list of those sins which have been frowned upon by the police of various eras and he shows us the blundering efforts of reformers to cleanse human nature of its original sin. This is a rousing comic theme and the book is full of examples of moral clowning.

UPTON SINCLAIR approached his book, "Mental Radio," with some apologies. He says that he has long been recognized as one kind of crank and so he hesitates to inflict a new hobby on the public, which will not stand for his being two kinds of crank. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair have been indulging in experiments in thought-transference and you'll find a record of their doings in the book, which is illustrated by the mental pictures which they broadcast during their séances.

"THE FACTS OF LIFE" is a superior book of literary burlesque by H. W. Hanemann. These are really amusing literary impersonations. The story of Catherine of Russia as told by Viña Delmar is particularly good, as is the life of Elizabeth by Radclyffe Hall. —A. W. S.

MALCOLM COWLEY, Allen Tate, Waldo Frank, and E. E. Cummings have issued through Liveright, the publisher, a book called "The Bridge by Hart Crane." It's a volume of ecstatic poems about Brooklyn Bridge, Pocahontas, and a colored man who used to work for Mr. Roebling. O outraged shade of Francis Thompson! —S. M.

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